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THE DEBATE.

THOSE who feel any strong enthusiasm for either of the combatants in the Parliamentary conflict of the past week must be very zealous partisans. All the members of the House of Commons, with a single exception, heard with pleasure Mr. DISRAELI's well-deserved attack on Sir JAMES GRAHAM, but the bad taste which dictated an offensive affectation of dishonesty at Carlisle is no reason for keeping Lord DERBY in office. Even if General PEEL had built barracks, and raised the allowance of billet-money, for the most obvious purposes of bribery, the Ministry would scarcely have succumbed to an isolated scandal. Lord MALMESBURY himself—who, with the smallest qualification, fills the most important office in the Cabinet—may set off against his own short-comings the indiscretion of the opponent who gratuitously identifies the interests of England with the maintenance of the discredited French alliance. If Mr. DISRAELI's attempt to snatch a division on Tuesday evening was a rash exhibition of unprofitable cunning, the silence imposed on the Ministerial party might have been excused as not inappropriate to the point at issue. The House of Commons was only called upon to decide an arithmetical question, and no rhetoric could throw any light on the division list which was to determine the proximate destinies of the Empire. On the whole, there never were two rival sets of candidates for power who might be contemplated by patriotic bystanders with more dispassionate equanimity, though it may perhaps be said, not without hesitation, that the balance inclined slightly towards the side of the Liberal assailants. There is much force in the hackneyed objections to the Government of a minority; and although Lord DERBY's supporters constitute the strongest section in the House of Commons, their places are always threatened, and their conscientious convictions shaken, by the knowledge that they depend solely on the disunion of their opponents. Under present circumstances, an exchange of seats between those who occupy the different sides of the House may perhaps diminish the respective temptations which beset both the contending parties; and if the same process which moderates Lord JOHN RUSSELL's reforming zeal, converts Mr. DISRAELI and his followers into trustworthy guardians of the Constitution, the best interests of the country will be doubly promoted by the change. The mutual responsibility which exists among members of the same Cabinet often supplies a valuable check on unscrupulous candidates for popularity; and, on the other hand, a Conservative Opposition will have no motive for volunteering dangerous concessions at the expense of the Constitution.

The tactics of those who determined on moving a vote of want of confidence ought not to be hastily condemned. It was desirable to pledge a majority, only united in name, to a common course of action while the members were fresh from the promises of the hustings, and before they were separated by division of opinion on particular questions. Mr. HORSMAN may prove to be right in his anticipation that the new Government will be dangerously weak, but a change seems the natural and most hopeful remedy for the actual deadlock of parties. Amongst other advantages, the formation of a Liberal Cabinet will furnish a practical solution of the standing dilemma between the two rival leaders. Until the horse is mounted, there will be no experimental proof that of two joint riders one must ride behind. Whether the triumph of one, or the possible failure of both, leads to a renewal of the feud or to a permanent reconciliation, the great personal difficulty will scarcely revive in the form which has so long been familiar to politicians. It is possible that some of the present generation may live to see other leaders who may add strength to their party instead of splitting it up into hostile sections. In the meantime, the knot

which it has been found impossible to untie may be cut by august hands according to the suggestion which was thrown out at the Liberal meeting. Lord JOHN RUSSELL has publicly announced that he will either give Lord PALMERSTON a place, or, if necessary, take a place under him; and as the undertaking is evidently reciprocal, the followers of both statesmen are at liberty to make a push for office. The difficulty arising from the consequent multitude of aspirants to a limited number of appointments, must be removed by a sweeping determination to shelve veteran officials; and the names of the victims who, in the French phrase, are to be placed in disposability, are already generally known to rumour. The chief, or chiefs, of the expectant Ministry ought certainly to follow the creditable example of Lord DERBY in extending their field of selection. Even if no addition of ability or efficiency were likely to result from an alliance with fresh colleagues, it is something to avoid the unpopularity which always attends on a body of inevitable functionaries. One of the principal causes of Lord PALMERSTON's overthrow was to be found in the wearisome recurrence of his VERNON SMITHS and CLANRICARDES. Many less objectionable members of the official body would make a Liberal Cabinet agreeably conspicuous by their absence; yet, if it be true that Sir CHARLES WOOD is to share in the proposed retiring *brevet*, benevolent minds will not fail to regret the utter waste of his recent eloquence in the West Riding.

There can be no doubt that a large preponderance of ability is to be found on the Liberal side. Mr. DISRAELI, Lord STANLEY, and Sir E. BULWER LYTTON are the only leading members of the House of Commons in Lord DERBY's Government; and, with the exception of General PEEL, it would be difficult to point out any other Minister of remarkable administrative capacity. The leaders in both Houses are in the first rank of orators, and the SOLICITOR-GENERAL is a powerful and rising debater; but the CHANCELLOR has little weight either in the profession or in Parliament, and the FOREIGN SECRETARY has, on more than one occasion, displayed ludicrous, as well as dangerous, unfitness for his post. Mr. DISRAELI himself, though his management of the House is popular and successful, is an unsafe politician and an empirical financier. No living statesman has displayed a more curious incapacity to estimate the public opinion which he is by no means unwilling to consult. The India Bill and the Reform Bill contained many elaborate contrivances, which were only explicable on the theory that they were intended to secure the popularity which they could by no possibility have attained. Measures obviously incapable of being carried indicate the ineptitude of a Minister even more certainly than unsound legislation. A leader of the House of Commons is especially bound to know the temper and habits of thought of the assembly on which he depends for the exercise of his power.

Lord PALMERSTON and Lord JOHN RUSSELL, with all their grave and serious defects, possess great influence and extensive experience. Sir CORNEWALL LEWIS, Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT, and Mr. CARDWELL are thoroughly acquainted with public business, and they possess the confidence of Parliament. Sir JAMES GRAHAM himself acquired by administrative ability the influence which he abuses whenever absence of employment drives him into the undesirable necessity of factious agitation. It would be easy to name other competent candidates for posts in a Liberal Cabinet, but the distribution of places must for the present remain uncertain and hypothetical. If it is said that personal ability will not compensate for political disunion, the question can only be determined by experiment. Almost all the Ministerial speakers in the debate have proved to their own satisfaction that the Opposition could not have united after the attacks which some of its leaders had formerly made on their present allies. Like

the well-known metaphysical puzzle, *solvitur ambulando*—the difficulty is disposed of by walking into the same lobby. Those who have agreed to turn Lord DERRY out may concur in keeping him out; and they are well aware that to accomplish their object they must be content to sink their own differences. The various and conflicting reasons which were used in support of the amendment prove the practical unanimity of politicians who are not kept apart by love or dislike of reform, by French or Austrian sympathies, or by the impossibility of combining harmonious opinions with their common action. The most prudent and logical speakers adhered to the simple and sound principle of government by majorities, and all Mr. DISRAELI's ingenuity failed to show that the challenge which was offered by the dissolution had not resulted in the victory of his opponents. The country, when consulted as to Lord DERRY's continuance in office, answered by a majority of fifty members that a change of Ministry was expedient; and as it is admitted on all hands that the decision rests with the constituencies, it is irrelevant to argue that they arrived at an erroneous conclusion. A fortnight hence a new Government will probably have announced its policy, and it will at least commence its career with every claim on the forbearance of those who deprecate the incessant recurrence of useless party revolutions.

DANGER A-HEAD.

THE battle of Magenta has dispelled all illusion as to the military strength of France. Only a week ago, the blind-fold party in England were trying to reassure the alarmed common sense of the country by promising that the Austrians would be beaten satisfactorily but slowly, and that the French would be exhausted at the same moment that Italy was cleared of the foreigner; and then the next news we heard was of a victory which, whether complete or incomplete, proves the French armies to be fully as dangerous to Europe as they were sixty years since. It is not now to be doubted that there exists a power in Europe capable of overrunning the entire Continent. The Austrians fight better than they did in the revolutionary war, and are much less stupidly manoeuvred, but the ratio of superiority is exactly what it was. Ever since 1815, and under all Governments, the art of war has been more earnestly studied in France than any other branch of inquiry; and we now see the zealous attention of forty years deservedly rewarded by a knowledge of all the appliances and processes of campaigning, so consummate as almost to make up for the loss of that passionate energy which confounded and subdued the world. That France is infinitely better equipped for conquest than she was at the beginning of the century, none but a fool will deny. That the strength of her enemies has not increased in the same proportion, the events of the last fortnight have established. Under such circumstances it still insisted that the policy of England should be regulated by faith, and not by sight—by simple trust in the word of the Emperor NAPOLEON, and not by knowledge of his power?

The prowess of the French battalions, and the dexterity with which they have been handled, do not furnish half as much serious thought as the rapidity with which they have been transferred to their destined battle-ground. In three weeks an enormous, splendidly-appointed, and excellently-provided army has been conveyed from the north and centre of France to the middle of the plain of Lombardy. This feat has been accomplished after a series of assurances from the French Government that it had made no preparations for war. It is absolutely immaterial whether this statement was offered in good faith or in bad. If it was really true that the French establishments were in their ordinary condition, we can only ask, with sincere alarm, what they are like when in a state of extraordinary efficiency? If these be peace establishments, what does France understand by a war footing? If this be crudity, what is preparation? If these things are done in the green wood, what shall be done in the dry? In truth, the best consolation England could receive would be proof of her ally's entire insincerity when he protested that he was no readier than usual for an attack on his neighbours. If, in fact, he deceived us egregiously, and was really straining every nerve to put in order his commissariat, his artillery, his siege apparel, and his means of transport, we may take some comfort from the thought that such an army as we now see in Lombardy is not the product of an everyday state of things. It is another question whether it is quite reassuring to know that this

immense preparation can be effected with the utmost secrecy, and that English Governments are capable of being blinded to it by a fair-sounding phrase.

Each of the two English parties seems about as much alive as the other to the duty cast upon an English Ministry by the spectacle of a war ushered in by such diplomacy and conducted with such results. The French alliance is hugged to the heart by both of them, though that connexion has long ceased to imply more than an obligation to believe everything which the French Government chooses to assert. Now, the consequences of believing implicitly the assurances of a man of the BONAPARTE character at the head of the French soldiery, have been twice illustrated on the grandest scale—once in the time of the First NAPOLEON, and once in that of the Third. At the beginning of the century, there was a Prusso-French alliance as sincere, as natural, and as equitable as the Anglo-French alliance of the present day. Prussia made up her mind to "the strictest neutrality," when her illustrious friend went to war with Power after Power identified with her by the closest common interests. She mistrusted, and was soothed. She mistrusted again, and was soothed, perhaps a trifle more contemptuously than the first time. She was even allowed to offer herself occasionally as mediator between the conqueror and those who had their eyes open to his designs; and, though she was never successful, she was courteously thanked for her interference. Nay, she was even permitted to share in the spoil, and overcame her scruples about appropriating Hanover by the reflection that the King of GREAT BRITAIN had been so very obstinate in refusing her good offices. It was not till all obstacles to universal conquest had been crushed with her connivance that the insolence of her ally became intolerable, and she flew to arms. Then came the field of Jena, and Prussia was plainly told that NAPOLEON despised her for her credulity, and had always intended to punish her for having presumed to win a victory over the French fifty years before at Rosbach. Is there no lesson in all this for England? We, too, have our Rosbach for which revenge is one day to be taken, and we call it Waterloo. We, too, have our Hanover, which is offered us as a bribe to neutrality, and it is called Italian nationality. We, too, have seen our good offices always accepted, except when they would have prevented a war. We, too, have had our suspicions, and have had them removed by explanations which have progressively become less and less deferential. We, too, see the balance of European power on the point of being immediately disturbed. The rest is to come.

The other illustration of the way in which the BONAPARTES pick their quarrels has occurred in the recollection of all of us. We really believe that all history scarcely furnishes a parallel so curious as that between LOUIS NAPOLEON's breach with the National Assembly and his breach with Austria. Almost every event in either series of transactions is repeated in the other. The quarrel began from the same side, and was nursed up in the same way from the minutest proportions to a formidable magnitude. There were the same reconciliations in both cases, the same profuse assurances of peaceful intention, the same pretended deference to mediation, followed by the same renewal of provocation. In both instances it was dexterously managed that the side which was first and quite gratuitously attacked should be goaded at length into taking the aggressive. After this, the plea of the other disputant was naturally the same. The National Assembly was suppressed for conspiring against the PRESIDENT, and Austria is to be expelled from Italy for conspiring against Sardinia. What is there wanting to complete the parallel? Merely that English Governments should embrace the destroyer of the balance of power as they embraced the destroyer of freedom, and that Lord PALMERSTON, who applauded the *coup d'état*, should announce that France has the right against Austria.

THE WAR.

THERE seems to be no doubt that the French have achieved a considerable success, although they have bought it dear. The exaggeration of the enemy's losses and the diminution of their own, faithfully copied from the mendacious bulletins of the first Empire, seems in this instance to have been unnecessary; for the entry of the Allies into Milan would have been more satisfactory to enlightened Frenchmen than the statement that, with a loss of men in the proportion of nine to one, the Austrians had taken one

gun in exchange for three which they abandoned. The retreat of the enemy and the occupation of the capital furnish a sufficient test of victory, and although it would be premature to assume that Count GYULAI has been out-generalled in the campaign, it is certain that, whether by his own fault or through the inferior quality of his troops, he has hitherto not succeeded in any of his operations. It can scarcely be said that the Austrian right wing was surprised and overpowered, inasmuch as the numbers on the field appear to have been tolerably matched, nor was it in the power of the General who stood on the defensive to deprive his adversary of the choice of ground for his attack. NAPOLEON, in his last campaign, was said to have surprised the Prussians and the English in succession at Ligny and Quatre Bras, but military critics have shown that any other position which the allied generals could have taken up would have been exposed to a similar inconvenience. The Austrians have now had the alternative of withdrawing from the line of the Ticino, or of accepting battle at any point of its course. At the commencement of the action at Magenta, they were able to surround the first regiments which crossed the river, and the Zouaves seem to have been saved from destruction only by their own valour, and by the opportune arrival of General MACMAHON. After the failure however, of the Austrians to resist the first general advance of the French, it scarcely seems probable that they will be able to make an effectual stand on the Adda. The campaign will perhaps soon resolve itself into a series of siege operations, and the Allies will have the opportunity of fortifying themselves and consolidating their power in the Milanese district, as well as in Tuscany and the adjacent Duchies. If any great battles are still to be fought, the hopes of the Austrians may perhaps be revived by the knowledge that they have hitherto had to deal almost exclusively with the picked regiments of the French army. In the Crimea, it was considered that the superiority of the Zouaves to the Line was far greater than any difference which exists between different portions of the English army, and it is certainly remarkable that the best troops should have been selected to lead the advance against the enemy. NAPOLEON always kept his Guard in hand, and he won most of his battles by bringing it up as a reserve.

The entry of the King of SARDINIA into Milan is an important historical event. In the present position of affairs, it seems doubtful whether the Austrians may ever regain possession of the city which has been regarded for a century and a half as the capital of their Italian dominions. CHARLES ALBERT, in 1848, marched through Milan when it had already been evacuated by the enemy, and he paused there in his retreat before RADETSKY in the following year. It was then evident that Lombardy would fall to the victor in a war of which it was impossible to foresee the conditions or the result; but Piedmont had not been generally accepted as the representative of the national cause, and the objections to foreign supremacy in Italy were not then as generally acknowledged throughout Europe as they are now. The gallantry of the Sardinian army, and the brilliant exploits of GARIBALDI, will have satisfied the patriotic jealousy with which the interference of France may have been regarded. The Italians have asserted their right to a national existence which might perhaps be best secured by the erection of a considerable State in the North of the Peninsula. Nothing but military successes of the most decisive character can enable Austria to terminate the war without making some territorial concessions; and whenever negotiations are instituted, the abandonment of Lombardy will probably—should no such successes have been achieved—be treated as an accomplished fact. It is barely possible that English mediation should be employed for the revival of a foreign occupation which has failed to realize the hopes entertained by the statesmen of 1815. The Congress of Vienna was chiefly anxious to keep the French out of Italy, and its arrangements have now afforded a pretext for French interference. FRANCIS I. affected to accept the Lombard Crown as the liberator of Italy, and his pretensions were to a certain extent recognised by his subjects; but after more than forty years of growing antipathy between Italians and Germans, it would be difficult to suggest any sufficient ground of policy for reversing the fortune of war, in the event of its ultimately proving adverse to Austria. The interest of Europe might perhaps hereafter be best consulted by the establishment of an Italian Federation, in which Piedmont would occupy the same leading position which belongs in Germany to Prussia; but it must be admitted that numerous dif-

ficulties interfere with the complete realization of such a plan.

A very serious struggle will, however, be necessary before the Austrians are driven from their strong positions in the Venetian territory. Lombardy has been chiefly valued for the revenue which it produced; but it is in the north-eastern part of the kingdom that the means of commanding the whole have been found. Some politicians imagine that Austria might already be willing to make peace on condition of resigning the province of Milan; but the French and Sardinians are fully aware of the importance of securing the key of Italy. In the well-known pamphlet which was published to prepare the way for the commencement of the war, it was asserted that, as long as Mantua and the neighbouring fortresses were in the possession of the Austrians, it would be impossible to protect the remainder of Italy by a force of less than 200,000 men fully prepared for service. The sacrifices necessary for conquering the entire territory will be considered by the Allies preferable to an incomplete success; and it is impossible to suppose that Austria will give way without an obstinate resistance. There is therefore no hope that peace will be restored at present; and the successes already attained will probably reconcile the French nation, for a considerable period, to the burdens of recurring loans and of an increased conscription.

It is impossible to deny that, notwithstanding her invidious and unpopular position in Italy, Austria is at her own cost virtually fighting the battle of Europe. The French aggression, whatever may be its moral merits, was undertaken in utter disregard of all public law, and if the Channel had not interposed serious difficulties, it is probable that the attack might have been directed against England rather than against Austria. A long campaign, or a series of campaigns, may perhaps satisfy the ambition of the EMPEROR while it exhausts the military ardour of the nation; but a rapid and triumphant advance, followed by an early and advantageous peace, would confirm the French army and the people in the belief that it was their mission to regulate the affairs of the world. Even in the hard-fought war which is now proceeding, no reverses and few losses will be allowed to transpire at Paris. M. GRANIER DE CASSAGNAC will not fail to reproduce the bulletins in a more permanent form, and M. DE BAZANCOURT has shown, in his offensive work on the Crimean war, how French military history can be written. It is impossible to feel sympathy for efforts which, if they are successful, may cause imminent danger to England; though, were it possible for the Italian cause to be considered apart, the occupation of Milan might be called a fortunate event. One of the many vague rumours of the week referred to the supposed death of the King of SARDINIA, and although no credit was attached to the report, it was impossible not to reflect on the importance which the present enterprise has attached to a single life. No other living Italian except VICTOR EMMANUEL could represent the nation so distinctly as to secure its separate action and existence in the face of its powerful allies and protectors. The KING will incur well-deserved blame if he unnecessarily exposes his country to the risk of losing his services before the struggle is at an end.

LORD PALMERSTON AND FRANCE.

LORD PALMERSTON is, perhaps, the only statesman in England who has a definite foreign policy, which he is ready to proclaim on all occasions, and to follow at all hazards. That policy consists simply in maintaining a strict alliance with France, whatever may be the nature, conduct, or designs of the French Government. So uniformly does he see every question of foreign affairs by the light of this one guiding principle, and so unhesitatingly does he let his opinions be known, that at the meeting of the Liberal party last Monday he not only intimated that he wished to preserve a strict alliance with France, but expressed a hope that before the end of the campaign Austria may be driven from Lombardy. If he had cared to say only what would serve a temporary purpose, he could hardly have said anything more imprudent. He offended the large portion of the Liberal party which looks with distrust and dismay on the career of LOUIS NAPOLEON, and he threw off the attitude of neutrality which it is so desirable that every English statesman should preserve at this moment. Lord PALMERSTON came to the meeting wishing and expecting to find himself by the end of the week the chief, or one of the chiefs, of the QUEEN'S Government. The words he used on

such an occasion were therefore as significant as if he had already been a Minister. What should we have thought if Lord DERBY had this week announced that he was strictly neutral, but still wished that before the end of the campaign the French might be driven back over the Alps?

Lord PALMERSTON was careless what he said, because he looked on the French alliance, not as an accidental, but as a permanent part of English policy. He did not affect to be neutral as regards the present war, because no man whose policy is so fixed could possibly be neutral. He is so bound up with France that he could not wish her to fail in anything she might undertake. But by raising the question of the French alliance at this critical juncture, Lord PALMERSTON has given the opportunity for a policy exactly the reverse to shape itself into a distinct form, and to come before the public at a most favourable moment. We consider that this policy of a special alliance with France, to the exclusion and in utter disregard of all other nations, is dangerous, humiliating, and demonstrably unsound. It should be the policy of England to cultivate friendly relations with all foreign Powers, but to enter into no entangling alliance with any. She should keep herself free to act according to the circumstances of each particular case, and not hold herself bound to further the designs of an aggressive despot, because she once did her best to help a constitutional and peace-loving Monarchy.

The intimate alliance of France and England dates from the establishment of the Government of July. It was the interest of England to aid a Government the existence of which was at once a tribute to the excellence of English institutions and a defiance to the great despotic Powers. Both Governments were moderately liberal, tolerably progressive, and decidedly peaceful. Substantially, they were working in the same direction, had the same European difficulties to encounter, and the same European enemies to dread. Still, small differences would be sure to arise between two high-spirited nations, and the closest allies like each to secure trifling advantages to himself. Here was the most delightful opening for diplomatists. The sources of union were great and lasting—the sources of disagreement were minute and temporary. It was a field in which diplomacy could shine, because diplomacy could be sure that quarrels would never be carried out of its sphere. And the combatants in this arena were worthy of each other. MM. THIERS and GUIZOT were pitted against Lord PALMERSTON and Lord ABERDEEN. No wonder that Lord PALMERSTON looks back with satisfaction to contests that made his reputation. And it is perfectly true that during the quarter of a century through which the French alliance lasted, it did answer its purpose. The great objects of English policy were upheld, and we got at least as much as France out of the alliance. But since the close of the Crimean war, the ties that bound us to France have gradually disappeared. LOUIS NAPOLEON had designs which ran counter to the interests of England. His system was one which Englishmen felt, on reflection, they could not conscientiously uphold. One circumstance tending to dissolve the alliance followed another, and now there is no man alive who is the object of so much aversion and distrust in England as the Emperor of the FRENCH; and it is England, not Austria, that the real rulers of France—the corps of her picked soldiers—are burning to attack.

The policy of a special alliance with France, under which she is to be closer to us and dearer to us than Prussia, Austria, or Russia—whether she is in the right or in the wrong, upholding liberty or suppressing it, defending herself or disturbing Europe in order to find occupation for her restless soldiery—is a policy very unworthy of England. We will do Lord PALMERSTON the justice to say that he never “talks small,” but his followers habitually speak as if they saw no objection to England acquiescing in the claim of France to rank as the first Power in Europe. Their standing argument is addressed to our fears. Why break with a friend who is ready to be so formidable an enemy? Those, however, who prefer trusting to a large English navy rather than to the favour of a foreign Sovereign, can suffer themselves to be alive to the absurdities and the humiliation into which the French alliance has recently led us. The fortunate death of FERDINAND II. has relieved us from the ridiculous position of joining LOUIS NAPOLEON in a protest against that which is done at Paris being also done at Naples. But we cannot wipe away the recollection that last autumn we abandoned Portugal in order to please France. Perhaps Lord PALMERSTON may think that this was not his fault, and that he would have managed the affair

of the *Charles et Georges* more creditably. But it is one of the evils of a permanent alliance with a despot that his tenure of office is perpetual, and his pursuit of his designs uninterrupted; whereas in a constitutional country Lord PALMERSTON is liable to be replaced by Lord MALMESBURY. And the policy which Lord PALMERSTON recommends deprives England of all her proper weight in Europe. She cannot interfere with any hope of preserving peace if France is one of the intending combatants. Mr. DISRAELI has disclosed what he conceives to have been the true cause of the precipitate declaration of war by Austria. It was supposed that the rejection of the Reform Bill involved the immediate removal of the English Cabinet, and the accession of Lord PALMERSTON to office. In that case Austria considered it hopeless to expect that England would any longer be impartial, and an immediate appeal to arms seemed her only resource. The policy of a special French alliance has therefore been the proximate cause of a war which threatens to be as sanguinary as it is useless.

We do not apprehend that in the present temper of the country there is any real danger of Lord PALMERSTON being able to knit together the broken threads of the alliance which he prizes so highly. He will be obliged, if he assumes office, not only to proclaim, but to adhere to, a system of neutrality. It is not in the power of any Minister to make England go either with France or against Italy. But Lord PALMERSTON's foreign policy, and his imprudent declaration of hostility to one side and partiality to the other, will cause great embarrassment to his colleagues. Whatever position he may hold in a new Cabinet, he will be jealously watched by his friends as well as by his foes. He has already sown the seeds of internal distrust and suspicion in any Cabinet that may be formed out of the sections of the Liberal party. He has greatly increased the difficulties that await the restoration of his party to office. It seems rather inconsistent that the QUEEN, having just proclaimed an absolute neutrality, should call to the head of her Cabinet a chief who does not even affect to be neutral, and the apprehension of whose known partiality gave rise to the outbreak of the war. Probably Lord PALMERSTON's influence in the new Ministry will be more than balanced by the introduction of colleagues who will be in a great measure selected because the country can trust them not to favour the designs of LOUIS NAPOLEON; but it gives a very bad augury for the prospects of a Liberal Government when the most we can say for it is, that its principal member may perhaps be sufficiently counteracted by his subordinates.

LIBERAL ARRANGEMENTS.

IT seems that the *Morning Advertiser* was right, after all, in its account of the treaty between Lord PALMERSTON and Lord JOHN RUSSELL. That well-informed journal described Lord JOHN as having stated that “he had the interests of the Liberal party so much at heart, that if Lord PALMERSTON were the party for whom HER MAJESTY should send, he (Lord JOHN RUSSELL) would serve under him (Lord PALMERSTON), but that if he (Lord JOHN RUSSELL) should be the party sent for, his duty to the Liberal party would compel him to take office.” This sentence seems to describe correctly, though tortuously, the arrangement which has been effected, and which, to say the truth, is no arrangement at all. At the Liberal meeting, Lord JOHN and Lord PALMERSTON announced that they had referred their claims to the arbitration of HER MAJESTY. But as the Crown does not usually undertake the office assigned to it, constitutional theory suggests no principle on which such a selection can be made. The compromise is, therefore, an august form of “going the odd man” for the Premiership. At the moment at which we write, the halfpenny is still in the air.

There is nothing stranger in English party-history than the ill-usage of the Liberals by their leaders. The Tories have never displayed half so much tameness in submitting to vanity and caprice. Of all the great Tory statesmen, not one has ever succeeded in making himself absolutely necessary to his party. The Tories did for a while without PITT. They long made shift without CANNING. They contrived at last to dispense with ELTON. They completely shelved Sir ROBERT PEEL. It is true that they have made many sacrifices, both of interest and opinion, to keep Lord DERBY's Government in office, but that is only because these concessions have been represented to them as essential to the maintenance of their position as a great political confederacy. But the Liberals, ever since the great overthrow of their competitors in 1831, have suffered more from personal difficulties

between their leaders than from miscarriages of policy. They have had, on the whole, a vast deal more good luck than the Conservatives, but fortune has been fairly scared away by the squabbling in their councils. The Reform Ministry, with its immense majority, was destroyed by the quarrels of Lord BROUGHAM, Lord ALTHORP, and Lord GREY. The great and unexpected advantage which fell upon the Liberals in their utmost depression through the break-up of the PEEL Government in 1846 was dissipated by the jealousies of Lord PALMERSTON and Lord JOHN RUSSELL. The chance of retrieving their position afforded them by the coalition with the Liberal-Conservatives was annihilated by the same politician who has just wasted the great majority of the last Parliament. And, after all these hard lessons, the utmost they can obtain from their leaders is an agreement to submit to what is virtually the decision of chance. If office is tendered to them, Lord JOHN RUSSELL and Lord PALMERSTON will assume it without having expressly waived a single pretension.

We fear that the Liberal party has lost the opportunity of making an impression on the dumvirate which disposes of its fate. The Liberals had two great grievances, and of these one only has been forced upon the attention of the official Whigs. Something was said at the meeting on Monday about the admission of Radicals to office, but not a word of censure was directed against the infinitely more serious evil of petty personal dissension. Contempt for the general opinion of a great party is much more offensively shown by that pertinacious anxiety to trip up Lord PALMERSTON which has during two whole years distinguished Lord JOHN RUSSELL's proceedings, than by the Whig monopoly of Cabinet places. The Independent party committed a great mistake in confining its remonstrances to that last item of complaint. Few of them are, in the smallest degree, entitled to expect office, and the promotion of the few that could by any possibility be taken would not add one atom to the weight or influence of the many who must be left. A Radical received into the Cabinet does not the least represent the body of Radicals outside. He abjures his origin and becomes simply a naturalized Whig. Besides, it is surely no very conspicuous mark of respect to the advanced Liberals when Lord CRANWORTH, Mr. LABOUCHERE, or Mr. VERNON SMITH is left out of a Ministerial arrangement, and some advocate of the Ballot is admitted in his room. On the other hand, every difficulty created by the personal claims of Lord PALMERSTON or Lord JOHN RUSSELL is more or less of an insult to the whole party which follows them. The indulgence of these jealousies would be impossible but for the assumption that Liberal principles and the Liberal majority are of less consequence than the natural right of this or that noble person to rise last in debate.

Lord PALMERSTON and Lord JOHN RUSSELL may take office together, but no security whatever has been exacted from them for the protection of Liberal interests against those lubberly shipwrecks—the result of chronic mutiny—which seem the inevitable destiny of Liberal Ministries. The two noblemen have not been made aware that their followers complain of their conduct in more than one particular, and they may perhaps feel that the slight they are accused of offering was almost justified by the notorious incapacity of the noisiest complainants. The selfish and empty pretension which was betrayed by the only grievance mentioned at the meeting, must have been considered by Lords JOHN RUSSELL and PALMERSTON as a license to indulge their own egotism. Meanwhile, it is absurdly evident that hardly anything has been done to obtain for the advanced Liberals some serious influence in the councils of their party. The Independent organization, within a week or two after it had been formed, was well-nigh broken up by a shower of engraved cards; and now its voluntary dissolution is signified by its adhesion to an amendment moved by the son of the Duke of DEVONSHIRE and seconded by Mr. HANBURY. Mr. DISRAELI was perfectly justified in taunting the Opposition with having hoisted the flag of exclusiveness by selecting Lord HARTINGTON to represent them; but the name of the seconder of the amendment is even more significant than that of the proposer. It was long understood that Mr. CROSSLEY, or some representative of a great Northern constituency, was to second the amendment on the Address. But we felt certain it would not be so. The Whigs have not yet descended to manufacturers. Mr. WHITEHEAD was a brewer, and a brewer has therefore a position in the party. But they draw the line at brewers.

NEUTRALITY.

THE announcement of an inviolable neutrality is a disclaimer of all possible influence in the councils of Europe. Many private persons are as competent as any Cabinet to offer sound advice to the belligerents; but diplomatic arguments are, to use the old illustration, like arrows, only effective in proportion to the strength of the arm which impels them to their destination. The domestic advantages of peace may possibly be thought a sufficient equivalent for an abdication of all claim to interfere in the settlement of foreign disputes, and yet it seems unnecessary to declare in ostentatious language that no State has henceforth anything to fear or to hope from England. Professions of neutrality, however, at the present time are rather nugatory than mischievous, inasmuch as they combine a superfluous practical truism with a vague and unreliable prophecy. Against France and Sardinia fighting with Austria for the possession of Northern Italy no party in the country wishes the Government to interfere. When a more extended coalition is formed for wider objects, it will become necessary to consider the course which may be required by the interests and honour of England. Lord DERBY, having been justly blamed for his premature expression of anticipations which thoughtful politicians generally share, has since been compelled to correct his error by echoing and exaggerating the commonplaces to which his public language ought originally to have been confined. Lord PALMERSTON, with more blameable indiscretion, has interpreted neutrality to mean a cordial alliance with the Power which, having broken up the peace of Europe, may at any moment threaten its independence. Lord DERBY referred to a co-operation with Austria which may, in the course of events, be found absolutely indispensable. His rival wantonly affects sympathy for a cause to which it is impossible that any patriotic Englishman can wish ultimate success. The preponderance of France, secured by a secret compact with Russia, involves a danger which sooner or later would require a desperate struggle to avert it. It is scarcely too much to say that two or three victories of Magenta, as the battle was represented in the original telegram, would excite the vanity and insolence of the French army to a point wholly incompatible with the maintenance of peace with England. The designs of the Governments which have concerted the attack on Austria will, as they become more fully developed, scarcely tend to strengthen Lord PALMERSTON's cordial alliance.

Neutrality has several meanings, or various degrees, according to the different positions and interests of the Powers who may be spectators of a war. Among the principal States of Europe, England alone is approximately impartial, while Germany is with difficulty restrained from an immediate declaration of war, and Russia is openly covering and assisting the warlike operations of France. A part of the arrangement which is known on the authority of Prince GORTSCHAKOFF not to be hostile to Europe, is explained by the circular lately addressed to the Russian Ministers at the German Courts. The allies of Austria are informed that any opposition to the progress of France in Italy will be regarded as an interference with the balance of power. In more idiomatic English, Russia has backed the challenger, and is resolved to keep the ring. The obstinate supporters of French ambition will probably find in the menaces of Russia a new proof of the anxiety felt by the aggressor to limit and to localize the war; and perhaps the master of Poland may for the moment share in that species of popularity which seems to attend the champions of national independence. Yet the pretence of a disinterested support afforded by Russia to the disinterested enterprise of France, will, at least after a time, be found too strong for the most capricious credulity of Liberalism. According to Lord NORMANBY, the Grand-Duke CONSTANTINE has openly expressed the desire of his Government for the possession of a port on the Adriatic; and it may be supposed that a wish so publicly announced has neither been concealed from France nor rejected as an inadmissible condition of timely support. With the French flag flying at Genoa, at Leghorn, and soon perhaps to fly at Venice, the intimation that Russia is not satisfied with the occupation of Villafranca deserves serious attention. The coveted position may perhaps be found at the mouth of the Cattaro, in the immediate neighbourhood of the frontier between Austria and Turkey, and at a short distance from Corfu. Any naval station, however, on the coasts of the Mediterranean will enable the Russian fleet to unite with the French whenever it

is thought expedient to make a demonstration against the maritime supremacy of England. As long as the confederated Powers keep within the limits of international law, peace may possibly be preserved in the midst of growing jealousy and alarm; but the principle of neutrality is no more tested by acquiescence in the presence of French troops at Milan than a new bridge on a mineral railway is proved sufficient by the passage of a light passenger-train. The vehement protests in favour of non-interference which proceed from the French party imply a consciousness that England can under no circumstances take part in the unprovoked attack on Austria. When the Emperor NAPOLEON, looking round for an opportunity of conquest, fixed upon Italy as the scene of his first operations, he calculated justly on the cherished sympathies of Englishmen for the cause of Italian independence. The advance of invading armies in any other direction would have been immediately resented, and the further development of French policy will tend to remove the differences which for the present render public opinion hesitating and uncertain. The benevolent outlaw, who affects only to rob the rich oppressor, may retain his popularity as long as he can persuade his admirers that he exercises his profession under the influence of a disinterested zeal for the benefit of the poor. In the long run, it is generally found that the harsh rules of property and of law inspire more permanent confidence than the capricious generosity of ROY ROY or ROBIN HOOD.

The Russian circular informs the German Powers that they are not entitled to interfere for the protection of the Austrian sovereignty in its outlying provinces, and the question is one not of international law, but of prudence, of policy, and above all of comparative power. When PASKEWITSCH marched into Hungary in 1849, the interference was in its legal character partially similar to that from which Germany is now solemnly warned to abstain. The Confederation has a formal right to prevent the forcible disruption of an empire which exists in conformity with the public law of Europe, nor would resistance to a foreign assailant be open to the same objections which were raised against the Russian attack on the insurgents of Hungary. It is only in virtue of a previous compact with France that Russia can have any pretext for insisting on the neutrality of Germany. Prince GORTSCHAKOFF's harmless arrangement was made in contemplation of war, for the purpose of facilitating the movements of the aggressor. The German Powers might, on the other hand, argue that, in taking up the cause of Austria as their own, they were furnishing the best security against future violations of treaties; but all parties to the controversy are perfectly aware that the issue will not be decided by arguments, however plausible.

If Germany were once united and thoroughly in earnest, the menaces of Russia might safely be set at defiance. The Confederation, in a really national war, could bring a million of men into the field, and a quarter of that number would more than suffice to secure the whole of the Eastern frontier from invasion or from insult. The comparative military weakness of the Russian Empire in distant operation was abundantly proved during the Crimean war, nor is there the smallest reason to suppose that any attack on German territories would be attended with success. On the west, France might be assailed or held in check by a force which, although it might not be able to march on Paris, would suffice to protect the entire frontier of the Rhine. The reasons for neutrality are principally founded on the inexpediency of declaring war while the sympathies of Europe are divided, and on the consideration that a mere demonstration of strength will effect without bloodshed, and at smaller cost, a great part of the objects which might be attained by an appeal to arms. Marshal PELISSIER's army is detained in Alsace and Lorraine by the knowledge that the German States are arming, as effectually as by the movement of troops to the frontier; and Russia has a strong motive for postponing the schemes which may have been concerted for producing insurrections in Hungary or in the Slavonic provinces of Austria. The Prussian Government, which has rightly claimed for itself the control of the Federal policy, is well aware that English assistance against France is hopeless for the present, and that the prospect of obtaining it would be still further removed by any imprudent precipitation. It is better that the French should become tired of an unprofitable war, than that their mischievous ambition should be ultimately checked after a struggle in which Europe had been divided into two hostile camps.

FAITHFUL AND TRUE.

THE ground of confidence on which, if not the fate, at least the happiness, of Europe is now depending, is the good faith of the Emperor NAPOLEON. It will be remembered that on the 3rd of February, the very first night of the session, the PRIME MINISTER of England—probably for the last time—saluted the French EMPEROR with the titles of Wise, Prudent, and Loyal; and yet this was within a month of the ominous menace of the *Jour de l'An*. Parliament was also favoured with the assurance, not yet cold, that the French military preparations were only intended to replace the old stores consumed in the Crimea. The leader of the House of Commons on the same occasion—indeed, on more than one occasion during the last brief session of Parliament—adverted to the old stock subject of the wisdom and loyalty of our faithful ally. It could not be his interest, we were told, even if it were to his taste, to disturb the peace of Europe. The peace of Europe was not to be disturbed—the Congress would settle everything. Transported by the prospect of universal brotherhood and peace, a Bishop and a Chief Justice, no further back than the 25th of February—when, in point of fact, French arms had been landed and French proclamations printed for revolutionizing Italy—were induced to ask questions for the mere sake of extracting from authority the soothing assurance that her MAJESTY's Government had received those gratifying communications which enabled them to state that the foreign garrisons were about to be withdrawn from Rome, and, with them, every cause of dissension and dispute. It was on this occasion that both Houses congratulated themselves on the certainty of peace. As late even as the 18th of April—and Magenta was fought in the first week in June—the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER could still “express his belief that the peace of the world might be maintained.”

These are the facts of the present year. We are now witnessing a war as bloody as any upon record, and as likely as any to be universal; but still there is hope a-head. We are assured by the French papers—and the assurance is echoed by the Gallican and Imperial organs in this country—that it is the fixed determination and loyal resolve of the French EMPEROR not to pursue the war for purposes of aggrandizement. He merely seeks the liberation of Italy. The war is to be localized. Lombardy and Venetia once liberated from the Austrian yoke, the horned head will be withdrawn—the simple, innocent snail will retire into its beautiful and domestic shell—and France will exhibit the sublime spectacle of an Imperial WASHINGTON only drawing the sword for the liberty of another country, and then retiring to cultivate cabbages and conversation at Compiègne. The mission of France in Italy—has not the loyal EMPEROR used these very words?—“is to liberate, not to dominate;” and the sword is drawn for freedom, not to give Italy a “change of masters.” These were his words on the 3rd May, addressed to the *Corps Legislatif*. And why should he not be believed? Has he not always been loyal and true to England?

Now, the question of any man's truthfulness and loyalty is not settled by producing a hundred instances of his truthfulness and loyalty, if there is even a solitary instance of disloyalty and untruthfulness in the opposite scale. Let us suppose the question to be about Mr. REDPATH's honesty and integrity. It is well known that this gentleman always paid his bills with the most scrupulous regularity. He was pious and charitable, regular and systematic in his devotions and his tradesmen's accounts. And yet, when he had been found out in the Great Northern affair, the testimonials from his Weybridge tradesmen were not worth much. So is it with LOUIS NAPOLEON. Let us admit that he has been all that can be said in his favour by his English friends. It suited Mr. REDPATH's purpose to pay his tradesmen; and it has hitherto suited the French EMPEROR's purpose to discharge his English engagements. We say this, though with some abatement. If he is loyal to us, he is also, on occasion, the reverse—if he is faithful, it is with a faithfulness which does not altogether preclude him from duping us. He is faithful, of course, though he did say, not six months ago, that there was no intention in France to go to war; he is truthful and loyal in his assurances about the engagement with Russia; he never meant to bring us down a peg or two in the Portuguese affair. He is—according to Mr. DISRAELI, *passim*, and according to Lords CLARENDON and PALMERSTON after the Compiègne jousts—faithful and

loyal. Well, we will admit that he has not absolutely, as yet, practised against us. As far as England is concerned, we have not hitherto been openly swindled. But does this prove the EMPEROR's good faith? The question is, whether we are to believe all his assurances of his entire abnegation of self in the Italian matter—of his desire to localize the war—of his righteous hatred of conquest and territorial aggression. We are assured that we really may believe him, because he has not yet deceived England. Our answer is, that his whole life has been one long perfidy—one elaborate, cold-blooded, deliberate duplicity and mendacity—and that therefore his alleged truthfulness to England proves nothing. He and his friend Sir FRANCIS HEAD may piously turn up their sanctified eyes at the hardness and incredulity of our hearts; but it is with the EMPEROR as with that respectable gentleman immortalized by POPE, Mr. CHARTRES—a character would be worth 10,000*l.* to him. He has been trying to invest in character. For these six or eight years it has suited his purpose to acquire a reputation for honour and integrity. He has been paying all his bills at Weybridge, in order to turn his character to credit, and to gull the people at King's Cross more thoroughly. Now, does any human being suppose that Mr. REDPATH would have felt any very serious qualms of conscience about his butcher's and baker's bills, if it had suited his book—which it did not—to levant some fine morning for America? Mr. REDPATH would have felt the obligation just as stringent as, when it is convenient to break them, LOUIS NAPOLEON will find the obligations of loyalty to England.

We say, then—and this is the time for asserting the fact plainly—a man who has broken an oath once is not to be trusted, even though it suits his purpose, for other and deeper objects, once or twice to keep other obligations. Does the world forget what this LOUIS NAPOLEON swore to France, and what his loyalty and truthfulness were worth in that great case? A man's pretensions to honour and morality are tested, not by the number of times he keeps the commandments, but by his never breaking them. This is a platitude so grossly palpable that it seems incredible that we should have to repeat it. But the French EMPEROR's conduct to us is nothing, while his conduct to France is everything. Mr. PALMER did not murder all his racing friends, but only Mr. COOK. A fine lady may

Make a widow happy for a whim,

and a fine EMPEROR may keep his word from interested motives; but if he has once broken it, it is most likely he will break it again. On the 27th of September, 1848, LOUIS NAPOLEON took his seat in the National Assembly. He then and there read the following words:—"May the generous citizens who have by their votes placed me in this Assembly be convinced that I regard tranquillity as the first and most urgent necessity of this country, and that I advocate democratic institutions, which I regard as the first want of the people." His next public action was to publish a letter explaining his reasons for protesting against the expedition to Civita Vecchia, which he characterized as "a dangerous military demonstration—dangerous for the sacred interests which it is intended to protect, and likely to compromise the peace of Europe." In his address to the French people when he became candidate for the Presidency, he used these words:—"I am not an ambitious man who dreams of the Empire and war. . . . Brought up in free countries, I shall ever remain faithful to the duties which your suffrages and the National Assembly impose upon me. If I am named President . . . I shall devote myself to strengthen the Republic; my honour is pledged that at the end of four years I leave it to my successor with its power strengthened and with liberty intact." And then he went on to pledge himself "to diminish within proper limits the number of public situations which depend upon the Executive, which often change a free people into a nation of beggars—to avoid the fatal error which prompts a State to undertake works which are better done by private enterprise, because centralization leads to despotism"—and lastly, to preserve the liberty of the press, and peace. He was elected, and he took this oath:—"I swear to remain faithful to the Democratic Republic, one and undivided;" and in his speech he added, "My desire is to re-establish unity and to maintain our democratic institutions."

It is quite needless to repeat how all these oaths and promises have been kept. But when the question is whether

we are to believe the present promises and declarations of the EMPEROR, the answer is, that we shall do wisely to judge of the future by the past. His whole life has hitherto been a consistent series of broken oaths and violated promises. After his attempt at Strasbourg, he promised fidelity to LOUIS PHILIPPE, and his loyalty was displayed at Boulogne. He promised loyalty to the French Republic and to the National Assembly, and kept his word on the 2nd of December. He promised and vowed three things—to be faithful to democracy, to diminish Government officials, and to retain the liberty of the press. If he has kept these promises, it is very likely that he will be faithful to his present pledges against dynastic ambition in Italy; and from the way in which he has kept his engagements with France, we may anticipate what his loyalty to England is likely to mean. He is now at Milan, and has already an opportunity of turning his professions into practice. It is none too early to allow Italy to commence the task and duty of self-government. A little time will show whether French satraps and proconsuls are the order of the day, or whether native patriotism is to be encouraged. Italian regeneration ought to commence from the occupation of Milan. We shall see.

THE PROGRESS OF THE NAVY.

THE QUEEN'S Speech seized very adroitly upon the topic which more than any other was likely to conciliate the support of the country. The announcement that the naval forces of the country had been increased to an amount exceeding that which Parliament had sanctioned, was judiciously put forward rather as a matter of boast than as one which called for an Act of Indemnity. The urgent need of further exertions to place the defences of the country in a satisfactory condition was relied on, with a really masterly skill, as the great excuse for evading the difficulties presented by the question of Reform, with which Lord DERBY's Cabinet had played fast and loose. But so ample was the reliance placed upon the supposed performances of Sir JOHN PAKINGTON, that the seconder of the address was instructed to declare that we could now muster fifty line-of-battle ships in place of the five-and-twenty bequeathed by the late Administration. That this statement was simply untrue, is known to every one who has taken the trouble to note the progress which has been made in the dockyards; and, considerable as that unquestionably is, it is certain that Sir CHARLES NAPIER was right in saying that the Government has done less than it might have done and ought to have done, both in the building of new ships and in the increase of the *personnel* of the navy.

Those members of the Conservative party who vainly endeavoured to avert the late dissolution, were probably oblivious of the vast opportunities for the manufacture of political capital which the abeyance of Parliament was certain to furnish. Ministers were doubtless fully alive to such considerations, and may be presumed to have consoled themselves for the certain injury to the interests of the country by the anticipation of probable advantage to the prestige of their party. Whether it was part of a far-seeing calculation or only a happy after-thought, a glorification of their own performances during the interregnum of Parliament was very soon decided upon as an essential element in the Ministerial tactics. The key-note was gently sounded, as a preliminary experiment, on more than one occasion, and by no one more clearly than by Sir JOHN PAKINGTON. In every successive speech which he has had an opportunity of making, the First Lord of the Admiralty rose in his confident estimate of the efficiency of his own administration. At first there was some faint allusion to the "deficiency which unfortunately existed in the navy." Gradually this unpleasant topic was dropped, and Sir JOHN PAKINGTON's last oration before the meeting of Parliament almost amounted to an assurance that our naval supremacy was already re-established on its ancient footing. Ministers may plausibly dwell upon the achievements of the Admiralty since its emancipation from Parliamentary control. They can tell of ships launched and converted, sailors won to the flag by judicious liberality, shipwrights entered by hundreds, and possibly thousands, and an amount of activity displayed in the dockyards which at the commencement of the last session was officially declared to be impossible. The narrative is sufficiently imposing to command enthusiastic cheers from the Ministerial benches and measured compliments from Opposition leaders, mindful of their own deficiencies in former times.

Whether the performance has been equal to the magnitude of the emergency or to the opportunities of the Minister, is a question on which it is impossible not to feel something more than a doubt. For seven weeks Sir JOHN PAKINGTON had all the advantages which an absolute Minister possessed of unlimited funds could have enjoyed. Practically there was no limit to the resources at his command, for the critical state of foreign affairs, and the absence of any Parliament to consult, made it quite certain that an indemnity would be given for any excess of expenditure which could be devoted to the increase of our naval power.

Even without the detailed information which must soon be obtained, it is easy to see that Sir JOHN PAKINGTON has not come up to the requirements of the times. There are more ways than one of getting credit for extraordinary efforts. To underrate the necessities of the moment and to make the most of any attempt to meet them, is, after all, a poor and transparent policy. Sir JOHN PAKINGTON always takes a bolder and more ingenious course. He uses the largest possible language in speaking of his responsibilities, and sometimes succeeds in creating the impression that a man who so thoroughly appreciates the extent of his duties cannot possibly have fallen short of his own requirements. When an unreserved statement of the whole truth as to the deficiencies of the navy and the plans of the Admiralty was called for, no one could have accepted the position with more apparent cordiality than Sir JOHN PAKINGTON; but no sooner was the demand put into a practical shape by Lord C. PAGET, than objections and difficulties were suggested as freely as if the dark policy of a MELVILLE was still to rule in the administration of the British navy. Up to this moment the long-promised report on the expenditure of the dockyards is still withheld; and the FIRST LORD, who courted popularity by his apparent frankness, has managed at the same time to keep his department buried in its customary obscurity. The duty of unusual exertion is acknowledged as freely as the obligation to make more than ordinary disclosures. Sir JOHN PAKINGTON, on one occasion, adopted in the frankest possible manner the formula on which we have been insisting for more than a year. "No First Lord of the Admiralty would do his duty who should for a moment tolerate the idea, that any single Power, or combination of Powers, would be able to dispute the supremacy of England 'on the sea.'" Whatever Administration may be in power, we shall not abate a tittle of the demand which Sir JOHN PAKINGTON has admitted to be no more than the country has a right to make. But no one will be deceived now by the large words with which it is sought to satisfy the anxiety which is justly felt for the formation of an overwhelming fleet. The task is far from being yet achieved; and though much has been done, the results are still greatly below what it was in the power of the Government to effect. Few persons have fully realized the enormous capabilities which England possesses. Even without going beyond the royal dockyards, the rate at which a new navy might be created is quite marvellous. Not long ago, it was stated that a liner, the keel of which was laid down in February, had been completed, with the exception of the internal fittings, in less than four months. The time that suffices to build one ship would be enough for the construction of fifty, if the building yards were adequately furnished with slips. But the apathy which allowed France to accumulate a fleet superior to our own, has suffered the accommodation of our dockyards to become still more deficient. The entire area of Deptford, Woolwich, Chatham, Sheerness, Portsmouth, Devonport, and Pembroke is less than that of the great French yards; and while the EMPEROR is still adding to the seventy-three buildingslips already available, we have but forty-four to supply the requirements of what ought to be a very superior navy. Some trifling additions have, we believe, been in progress lately; but it is mainly to the deficiency which exists in this respect that we must attribute such orders as those which were recently issued for the laying down of two new vessels, as soon as slips should be vacant for the purpose. The blame of the neglect which such facts disclose may not belong exclusively to Lord DERRY's Government; but they, and they alone, are responsible for not having supplemented the deficiencies of the national establishments by calling for the assistance of private shipbuilders. One vessel only—a huge iron-sided frigate—has been ordered to be built by contract; and, after all the warnings of the last six months, her keel is not yet laid down. This is the only ship of the kind which we shall be able to set against the four *frigates cuirassées* which are now on the eve of completion at Cherbourg and Toulon;

and after Sir JOHN PAKINGTON's declaration, many months ago, that no navy would be complete without a squadron of shot-proof vessels, it will be difficult to justify the sluggishness with which their construction has been undertaken.

When expulsion from office became imminent, it was at length announced that the Report of the Navy Commission was no longer to be ignored. But, in the meantime, the absolute necessity for the establishment of an improved scale of war pay has been kept out of sight, and the whole dependence of the country has been placed upon a bounty system which is good enough as a temporary and auxiliary expedient, but which will never suffice of itself to counterbalance the high wages given both in our own merchant service and in the American navy. Compared with the achievements of his predecessors, Sir JOHN PAKINGTON's efforts may appear considerable; but at a time like this their sufficiency must be judged, not by the shortcomings of others, but by what is necessary and possible for the re-establishment of our naval supremacy. Weighed in this balance, Sir JOHN PAKINGTON will be found wanting, and neither he nor his successor in office will deserve to escape condemnation while anything is left undone which would hasten the effectual reconstruction of the navy of England.

PARSONS AND NOVELS.

THERE is no end to the stream of fiction in France, Germany, or England. We may presume that the novels which each country produces are suitable and acceptable to it; and perhaps Frenchmen or Germans would be as much surprised at the tales which we like, as we can be at those which have a run at Paris or Berlin. But we may venture to say that when an attempt is made to write anything approaching to the peculiar novel of modern England—the novel of domestic life, with right principles and an infusion of religion in it—the success achieved either in France or in Germany is of the most limited kind. When French novels are all that a moralist could wish them to be, they are wearisome in the extreme; and German novels, which are always poor beyond description, sink into abject inanity when the author is riding his best horse. There is something, we may be sure, in the society of England that renders possible the composition of novels that are at once moral and readable. If the analysis of this something were pursued far enough, we should find it running up into all that is characteristic of English life, habits, and thought; but there is one obvious cause of difference between novels of domestic life in the three countries respectively, and it is a cause which is so powerful that it may in a great degree supersede the necessity of seeking any others. The English clergyman is peculiar to England. This prominent character of an English novel is inaccessible to a foreigner. A priest is an object of such unfeigned abhorrence to most literary Frenchmen, that they would as soon think of introducing a pickpocket as an abbé among their *dramatis personæ*. The clergy of the Romish Church are also cut off by their position from the sphere of feeling which is the stronghold of domestic romance. A German pastor is too humble, dusty, and smoky, too cottager a sort of person, to be brought with effect into novels that are to succeed at circulating libraries. But the English clergyman is a person who can be easily worked up into a hero or an ideal. He is a gentleman, he is going to Heaven, he may make love. He has the attractions of both worlds. He comes in at every turning point of domestic life. He is equally open to blessing and to being blest. Here is the exact man for domestic novels, and accordingly a novel of English domestic life is hardly ever written without a clergyman being brought in as a prominent character. The chief modes in which he is introduced, and the chief aspects in which he is regarded, deserve a moment's consideration.

Clergymen are especially attractive to ladies; and indeed, if she does not mind a little humdrum fussiness, a clergyman is generally all that the ordinary English girl can desire. The parson is therefore an unfailing element in novels written by ladies. Of course when there is a direct exposition of the lady's theological creed, a clergyman is the most convenient spokesman; but this is exceptional, and usually the parson has to fill a much less obvious part. We gather from ladies' novels what we might perhaps gather from actual experience—that women regard clergymen as standing half-way between themselves and men. They are male undoubtedly, but then they do things and know things that no regular men know. They go to blanket-meetings—they know the names of school-girls—they are acquainted with the diseases and circumstances of poor people. Religious observances also necessarily occasion a sort of half-public life. There is excitement in this, but it is a safe and protected excitement. Church-services, missionary meetings, Bible expositions, are at once in the world and out of it. They involve the publicity attendant on all gatherings of neighbours, but they are not so public, so unrestrained, so dangerous as meetings of pure business or amusement. The lady that attends them feels that there is a barrier between her and the outer field of worldly excitement. This sort of thing is interesting, but it is tranquil. Many women like this, and especially the sort of

women—pensive, good, and perhaps disappointed—who write domestic novels. They naturally describe what they care and know about, and in this semi-public sphere the great man is the parson. It is he who arranges, leads, and disposes of everything. He fixes the times and seasons. He can bring the prestige of an official character, and the weight of virile power, into the most trivial discussion. Here is a constituted authority ready to preside over a coal club. Here is a man willing to superintend the distribution of petticoats. Not only, therefore, has a clergyman all the interest which attaches to every one who is a confidant of higher thoughts and spiritual aspirations, but he is a medium between the retiring novelist and the multitude of lay, unknown, indisputable beard-wearing men. A lady feels herself rather weak when she comes to the men of her story. She knows that she is totally ignorant of their occupations, interests, and opinions. She does not feel at her ease if she makes the soldier of the story do more than wear a red coat, and the barrister of the story do more than wear a wig. But with the clergy she is at home. She can write quires of paper describing what they do or say, what they are and ought to be. She sets the parson up as a forked radish, which she can cut till it is surprisingly like a man. She thus avoids the reproach which she most fears. No critic can say that the men in her book are all absurd; for there is the parson drawn to the life, and is he not a man?

Men, when they write novels, naturally use clergymen in a different way. Perhaps the most obvious and the most common way is to make an imaginary parson the vehicle of their own more secret feelings and opinions on serious and religious subjects. It needs very little acquaintance with religious biography, and with the published journals of religious men, to be aware that when persons come to put their religious thoughts on paper, and have any sort of anticipation that the eyes of others will subsequently fall on what they write, they never say exactly what they think—unless, indeed, they have adopted a standing technical phraseology, and really have no other thoughts than those which this phraseology can express. It is not that the writers wish to deceive, or to conceal, or to be guilty of any kind of trickery; but directly they attempt to convey to others what they feel on the highest subjects, or on matters bound up with these subjects, they are obliged to think of those whom they address, and to consider how what they write will look to them. The reader cannot add the qualifying circumstances which the writer knows to be present. If, for instance, a man puts on paper the confession of sin and the record of doubt, he may still be himself aware that he is on the whole trying to lead a decent life, and that the proportions of his faith far exceed those of his scepticism. But a casual reader might pronounce him on his own evidence a hardened offender, and a desperate infidel. The consequence is, that the writer describes his repentance and his feelings of doubt, not as they are to him, but so that they may be read by another without giving a wholly wrong impression. We must add, that when thoughts on great subjects are not of a merely personal kind, but are directed to questions of a general and public character, the thinker, unless he is a mere positive, wrong-headed fool, soon begins to be pressed with the sense of innumerable difficulties. There are so many considerations to be embraced—so many practical obstacles to be overcome. The domestic philosopher may, therefore, have persuasions of which he is only half persuaded—views which he thinks worth communicating, but of which he is not very sure. And the persons who like to write novels appear to us to be exactly those who like to think, but never to think out—to dabble in great subjects, but to leave them as soon as the puzzle becomes intricate. Their great resource, therefore, is to make an imaginary character in fiction convey these half-thoughts to the world. The author thus has his say, and escapes responsibility. And if the thoughts run on religious matters, or on matters connected with clerical life and clerical administration, it is very convenient to make the mouthpiece a clergyman. This is partly because such subjects seem professionally suitable to him, and partly because a fictitious clergyman best represents to the mind of the writer that veil or screen which every one is apt to interpose between his private religious thoughts and the criticism of other human beings. If a person were writing a journal which he apprehended might possibly be published, he would inevitably think how what he wrote would appear to a reader or hearer. It would be a great advantage if this second person were a clergyman. The religious language would seem more natural and less pretentious, and he might comfort himself with thinking that, if what he read was fit for a clergyman to hear, it could not do him any great discredit. In the same way, when a novel-writer puts what he has to say into the mouth of a fictitious parson, he is pleased and satisfied with the ingenuity of the compromise. He says nothing more than it is safe to say in a novel, but he says more than he would like to say if he could not shelter himself under the gown of his clerical creation.

This use of a clergyman in fiction has lately been illustrated in a very pleasing and well-told tale, called *Confidences*, which is the autobiography of a young curate who interrupts the narrative of his dinners and morning calls to say that such and such things (which happen to interest the writer) have often struck him or occurred to him, and who draws out for our benefit these fortuitous thoughts at considerable length. It is a book very much to be recommended in its way, and the skill with which a connected narrative is maintained, with very slight materials to

maintain it, deserves high praise. The same book also illustrates a very curious and very modern use of a clergyman—a use entirely apart from the main use of the clergyman in *Confidences*, and evidently borrowed from the writings of a very different school of novelists. The parson-hero meets a big bully of a groom insulting a respectable woman, one of his parishioners. He rushes to the spot, and in a fair fist fight licks the groom, and saves the woman, which makes her husband so grateful that he is half converted, and promises to go regularly to church. This strong, pugilistic, lion-hearted parson is, we believe, originally the creation of Mr. Kingsley, and it shows how great is the power of a man of genius, that he has succeeded in making these athletic qualities almost a necessary part of a fictitious parson when the author of the fiction is a man. A parson who cannot leap a five-barred gate, ride well to hounds, and practise as well as preach the great doctrine of “self-defence,” is not worth bringing in at all. And yet no character is more purely imaginary or more wholly undesirable. A real curate who fought with a real groom might not perhaps lose the battle, but he would probably preach the next Sunday with two black eyes. These parsonic gladiators may, from one point of view, be described as a trick by which the clergymen novelists wish to make themselves men among men. They rather resent the way in which ladies regard them. They do not wish to be thought a kind of neutral body to which a woman is as near as a man. Accordingly they carry their parson heroes to the extreme of manliness. They make them more rather than less of men, as compared with the ordinary run of laymen thought worthy to be heroes. This clerical Hercules-Apollo, whom Mr. Kingsley has invented and Mr. Kingsley's imitators have adopted—this inevitable epitome of all physical, moral, and spiritual force—is nothing more than a protest and set-off against the “dear Mr. So-and-so” of the lady novelists. Fiction is set against fiction. If the lady makes her parson go to tea and talk of tracts over a piece of muffin, the gentleman makes his parson bivouac at the top of Snowdon, awe sinners by the cut of his determined chin and his mane-like locks of flowing yellow, or successfully wrestle with half a dozen miners. The lay public may be very well content with the entertaining contrast thus provided for it. Both kinds of parsons are useful to the story, interesting, and unobjectionable. Perhaps, however, the parson as drawn by the ladies is rather the truer to life. The Hercules-Apollo certainly may exist, but the tea-table man is more common.

Altogether the clergy come very well out of their connexion with fiction. They are almost always introduced in a handsome and complimentary manner, and made as much of as possible. If it happens that a foolish parson is brought in to make a little sport, there is sure also to be a wise parson who trims his lamp carefully, and marries the prettiest and richest heroine. Nor are the clergymen of novels very wide departures from real life. Of course they are slightly idealized, but so is every one in fiction. As seen in real life, the spiritual guides of the ladies may seem rather limp—the clerical mouthpieces of the domestic philosophers rather hazy—the divine pugilists of the physical-force party may usually be pronounced queer parsons, but good sort of fellows. But the clergy of fiction, if improved a little on the actual type, are sufficiently near the originals to do the originals credit, and the place assigned to them in romances is really a tribute to the parsons. They gain in consideration by being made so important in popular tales. Their social position is strengthened; and it is the social position of the English clergyman that is his great and peculiar triumph. It is no light proof of the superior esteem in which he is held, that he can be the hero of a novel like *Confidences*, while this would be simply impossible in the case of a French abbé or a German pastor.

THE ARTLESS DODGER.

CONSERVATIVE tactics, like Austrian tactics, are often difficult for a bystander to penetrate. Those stolid, closely-packed faces of country cousins that line the Strangers' Gallery in the House of Commons, and stare at the debaters with such virtuous perseverance—neverlaughing with the liveliest, nortiring of the dullest—must often look with wonderment at the strange manœuvres that pass under their eyes. Considering the cynical temper of the public mind, and the small faith reposed in public men, it is pleasant to think of the generous admiration that must have thrilled through the breast of the provincial lionizer at the conduct of the Conservative leaders on Tuesday night. Rarely was seen such a spectacle of self-devotion in British statesmen. It was the great assault of the Liberal party on their opponents—the great forlorn-hope in which they had sworn to scale the heights of office, whatever carnage of principles it might involve. Had Ministers been tainted with the frailties of ordinary men, they would, no doubt, have sought to put off by every device the evil day of reckoning and of doom. But they were more than ordinary men. They were superior to the mean love of office; they thought not of their own, but only of their country's weal; and their country's weal at this crisis required an immediate declaration of the will of the House of Commons. How the country cousins must have admired Mr. Disraeli, when he sprang up the moment the amendment was seconded, and entreated the House that not a single day's suspense should intervene between the indictment and the verdict! How they must have revered the patriotic silence of the Conservatives, fresh from the general election, and doubtless keen to have their say! Speaker after speaker rose on

the Opposition side, taunting them with their taciturnity. The debate was maintained with difficulty, and Lord John was compelled to put up stick after stick to carry it on. Mr. Knatchbull Huggess was obliged to throw himself into the breach, and speak against time with the rapid fluency that bespeaks the budding dinner-bell; but nothing could either tempt or irritate the Conservatives into saying a word that might help to bring about the perilous delay. Surely the galleries must have recognised in the Minister who could hurry on a critical vote, and the M.P. who could consign a well-prepared speech to oblivion, the true ideals of modern English patriotism.

Alas! alas! that the indiscreet *Times* should have dashed that harmless enthusiasm, and disturbed that simple faith! Why must they tear away the veil, and disclose to the bucolic bystanders that all this patriotic silence and all this manly readiness were merely the moves of an ingenious dodge? Why must they be told that all these fine sentiments owe their inspiration entirely to the arithmetical labours of the Whips, and that if the result of their investigations had been different, Mr. Disraeli would probably have been pleading for a full discussion, and Lord John Russell would have been deprecating delay? Mr. Disraeli's haste was very like Count Gyulai's haste, and turned upon the fact that he was ready, while his adversary was not. It appears that, in spite of the dazzling list of heterogeneous names inviting the Liberal members to join the "happy family" exhibited last Monday at Willis's rooms, there were still a considerable number of mice that objected to taking up their quarters with the cat. Anxious calculators had ascertained that no less than seventeen Liberals had not yet called the Deity to witness to the fact that, notwithstanding the Irish elections, the Pope has no power in this realm; and these seventeen were consequently unavailable for the purposes of Sir W. Hayter. If a division could be taken that night, the Government was safe. The dodge was too tempting for Mr. Disraeli's peculiar notions of party strategy. The news from Lombardy was still ambiguous. No one knew whether or no the despotic Liberator of Italy was in Milan. It had been bruited abroad that his entry would be the signal for renewed diplomatic exertions. It would be easy to persuade the House of Commons that, in the interest of the peace of Europe, the question of confidence must be settled on the spot. Accordingly, in the most solemn manner, and in language mysteriously vague, amid the derisive laughter of his opponents, he assured the House that an immediate division was of vital importance to the public interests. It was a thoroughly characteristic attempt at finesse. That such an adversary as Sir W. Hayter could have been caught by such very unsubstantial chaff—that even if such a device had been successful, it would in the slightest degree have benefited the Government—or that the passing triumph of a majority so obtained could have secured them from the indignation of their outwitted rivals—was an hallucination which, one would have thought, could only have found a lodgment in the brain of the youngest clerk at the office of Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap. A freshman might have been pardoned for trying on such a trick at a University debating club; but it savoured more of the legerdemain of a thimble-rigger than of the tactics of a Parliamentary chief. After a quarter of a century of political experience, Mr. Disraeli, it appears, has yet to learn that in an English assembly such stratagems belong to the class of faults that are blunders too. In the present case, its only result was to exasperate his opponents, to destroy the effect of his own powerful and brilliant speech, and to add to the disrepute into which several years of this disingenuous strategy has brought the party that he leads. The truth is, that his life, from his first appearance in the journalistic world down to the present hour, has been spent in dodging, and he cannot leave it off. He has practised it so long that he cannot see that the chance gains of a snatch division are, in the most practical point of view, a very poor set-off for a sacrifice of the reputation of sincerity. He has reached the *delirium tremens* stage of trickery. He neither believes that the vice is dangerous, nor could he abandon it if he did. His disease seems to belong to those strange but not uncommon cases in which the patient is at the mercy of an irresistible mania for some special form of moral depravity. Some men can't help stealing everything they see, down to their father's teaspoons and their neighbour's newspaper. Everybody knows half-a-dozen people in whom the taste for lying is so developed, that they will lie for the mere pleasure of the thing, even when the lie is certain to be found out. The present leader of the House of Commons is a victim of the same sort of possession. He is bewitched by the demon of low dodging. That elegant species of Parliamentary manoeuvre is prevalent enough among our present race of statesmen. There is no dodge, for instance, too dirty for Lord John Russell to stoop to, if it will serve his personal interests, as the history of the last thirty years abundantly establishes. But Mr. Disraeli is the only statesman who cannot help dodging whether it suits his interest or no. He cannot resist it—it is too strong for him. Anything short of absolute possession would have been warned by the long row of unsuccessful dodges that mark his career. But neither his constant failures nor the agonized supplication of his colleagues, no thought for personal fame or party honour, can tame the inborn instincts of his nature, whenever he catches sight of the possibility of realizing in actual politics some brilliant piece of trickery in the style of Vivian Grey.

DIFFICULTIES OF A DAILY PAPER.

SURELY there is no harder task appointed to toiling man than that of "doing the war" in the leading columns of a daily newspaper. The restriction of hostilities to Northern Italy may be a proper object of diplomacy, but it is a serious inconvenience to the journalist. The geographical article, so reasonable when there is no news, can scarcely be employed above once or twice while the war preserves its present limits. If only the flotilla which is reported to be preparing at Toulon would quit, or appear ready to quit, that port, a large portion of the Adriatic coast might immediately become available for description on the first dearth of bulletins from the hostile camps. It is difficult to say anything that the public will not remember to have heard before about the rivers, the bridges, the roads, or the fortresses of Piedmont and Lombardy. But besides the difficulty of writing when there is no news at all, the telegraphic announcements, when they come, are necessarily so brief that the oldest hand may well be at a loss to manufacture from them the requisite amount of safe but not altogether obvious remarks which is demanded by the constant reader. Most people probably commence their survey of a morning paper by glancing at the place where a line or two of enormous type stands above the latest telegrams. But somehow the facts, or pretended facts, there stated do not properly enter into the reader's mind except through the medium of a leading article. It is therefore perfectly legitimate to repeat, with any possible improvements of expression that may suggest themselves, the very statements which appear in the next page. If by good luck two of the telegrams of the day should be contradictory, it is an obvious duty to attempt to reconcile them. It is also a great assistance to the writer if the journal for which he writes professes strong opinions. A hearty sympathy with the Allies is suitable alike in case of success or failure, and a little enthusiasm to give warmth to the recapitulation of the bulletins will carry the writer through more than half his article. There is, besides, the grand resource of history. Every battle must be either like or unlike former battles, and in pointing out this similarity or difference the remainder of the column of type will be quickly filled.

The introduction of these comparisons—especially if they are suggestive of feats of arms in which the English bore a part—is an unflinching method of popularity. An allusion to Waterloo can never be out of place in the columns of a patriotic newspaper. But still, if the events of that great day are to be referred to, it does not seem to be beneath the dignity of journalism to take down the last volume of Alison, and glance over the account he gives of it. We should be perfectly well content if the fine writers could contrive to "do" the present war without any allusion whatever to the former exploits of English troops. But it is rather too bad, for the sake of neatly finishing a sentence, to rob our army of honour which it most hardly won. It happened one day last week that the *Times* felt called upon to offer the usual quantity of remarks upon the Sardinian victory at Palestro. The facts at that moment were few and meagre, and it appeared necessary to resort to the history of the last war. Accordingly, we were told that the village of Palestro had been taken and retaken several times, just as several important posts in various celebrated battles—Eylau, Borodino, and so on—had been carried alternately by the contending armies. Now, it would be difficult to put down on paper a more unfortunate paragraph than this. The first objection to it appears to be that the village of Palestro never changed hands but once, namely, when the Austrians were driven out of it. It is to be observed, however, that the Austrians claim to have temporarily reoccupied the village when they attacked the Allies posted there on the second day. The point is just one of those which may possibly remain for some time doubtful; but the repeated takings and retakings are shown beyond all question to be imaginary. And not only is the principal statement in the passage in question untrue—upon which, not desiring to be over-critical, we do not lay much stress—but it seems to have been entirely of home growth, and without any trace of origin other than in the prolific writer's brain. Palestro, says the article, was taken and retaken several times—which it was not—just as Chateau Hougomont on the British right at Waterloo was taken and retaken several times—which it was not. If neither place had been taken at all, there would be a similarity at least as great as between Macedon and Monmouth; but unluckily Palestro was taken and held by the assailants, while Hougomont was successfully defended against all attacks. The comparison cannot be made to fit at all; nor does any better success attend us when we try it upon the farm-house of La Haye Sainte, which was an outpost of the British centre in the same battle. Palestro, we are told, was taken and retaken just like La Haye Sainte. The fact is, that La Haye Sainte was taken by the French, and kept by them until their final rout.

This may seem perhaps a trifling blunder, but it is eminently characteristic of one of the most influential processes by which public opinion is manufactured concerning events of stupendous magnitude. Any man, one would suppose, is capable of reading for himself a telegraphic bulletin, printed in the largest type. Most men, too, have read, with more or less attention, Alison's or some other history of the battles that have been gained by their own country, and are capable of combining their recollections with the brief accounts which now reach them daily from the seat of war. Perhaps the result of this combination may not

be particularly worth notice, and indeed the ordinary mental operations of ordinary men seldom are. If a traveller by railway were to remark, after an attentive perusal of the *Times*, that French soldiers had been killed and wounded at Magenta, and that he had read in *Alison* that the same thing occurred at Borodino, it is probable that the other occupants of the carriage would be conscious of listening to a platitude. But it would be rash to say that the very same statement might not appear to possess a novel and surprising character if administered to the very same minds through the authoritative medium of a leading article. If the fine writers lose any of their influence, it will not be because the public grows more reflective, but through unauthorized intrusion upon their peculiar province. It is very observable that the correspondence of the daily papers is disposed to encroach upon the leading articles. It will be to very little purpose that the editorial staff take the trouble to read *Alison* if the writer of the Paris letter has been addicting himself to the same study. Last week we got from Paris a very small fact or two, added to some true history, while Printing-house-square was giving us the same slender modicum of fact, added to some history which was false. At Turin a correspondent, who is content with a certain sort of facts, may obtain the same in sufficient plenty; but at Paris it has frequently been difficult to collect any adequate supply of news, and the correspondents have consequently betaken themselves to historical investigation.

It is probably a very small consideration in the eyes of these facile writers, that distinguished soldiers feel aggrieved by their reckless disregard of truth. Whether Chateau Hougoumont was or was not taken by the French on the 18th of June, 1815, may matter very little to the present readers of the *Times* newspaper; but the surviving officers and soldiers of the Guards who were charged to hold it, and fulfilled their duty, are much concerned that their share in the battle of Waterloo, if there be any necessity for alluding to it, should be stated according to the fact. But perhaps these injured Guardsmen will be satisfied by the consideration, which we suggest to them, that if the *Times* robs them of their proper glory one day, it will probably transfer to them to-morrow the hard-earned honour of some other corps. It occurred lately that an officer of a line regiment was publicly named as having taken a Russian gun at the battle of the Alma. The fact seemed tolerably well authenticated, except that it wanted the ratification of the *Times* newspaper. A correspondent of that journal declared on the authority of his own personal observation that the gun supposed to have been taken by the Light Division was really taken by the Guards. The fact was that two guns were taken—one by each corps—and thus, said the *Times*, did the doubt arise. It should be observed that the doubt only existed in the minds of the editor and of the most docile of constant readers. Most people remembered that two guns had been reported to have been taken, and many visitors to Woolwich had actually seen them both. Even the correspondent owned at last that the Light Division did take a gun, and so that fact may now be looked upon as a solid addition to human knowledge. But in the absence of an equally high authority, the question whether Chateau Hougoumont was or was not captured must, it appears, remain insoluble. Probably the *Times* had no special correspondent on the field of Waterloo, or, if it had, he is now sleeping his long sleep with many other heroes of that great day. It is to be hoped that no similar deficiency may throw a doubt over the reality of the recent battles. But between French invention and Austrian reserve, the British public are in a fair way to resolve that they will believe nothing unless it is stated on the authority of the *Times* newspaper. Happily the correspondent of that journal at the Austrian head-quarters is fully equal to the occasion. We have it on the authority of a leading article that he divined the French plans which brought on the battle of Magenta, although the Austrian general and staff found the mystery too deep for them. The value of the services of a gentleman so highly gifted is inestimable. We only fear lest the Austrians should hear of the existence of such a genius in their camp, and should be tempted to add to many other despotic acts that of compelling him to command their army.

MR. ALBERT SMITH AND THE BILLIARD-MARKER.

IF Mr. Albert Smith would sometimes say a little less, and if the other talking fish in his vicinity could be brought occasionally to say a little more, we do not know that afternoons with the great conversationalists of Piccadilly would be less instructive or amusing. As long as he confines himself to Brown's musical exploits at Chamounix, or to the young lady who quotes Byron with equal volubility at Peckham and at Pekin, and is equally delighted to meet Mr. Smith at both, we do not mind a little exaggeration. The wrongs of unprotected females, and the wanderings of unprotected black boxes, are topics which, it seems, amuse a considerable audience, and certainly cannot offend any but the company present. Even when he rises into the regions of reality, nobody complains, provided that he is content with giving us a representation of all the porters down the Dover line, each distinct and natural. We feel for the old lady with the canary and six carpet-bags—we feel for the douanier who supposes Binks' portable bath to be an infernal machine of the most complicated construction—but they must take their chance. Policemen,

railway porters, and old ladies, are fair game. They are excellent people in their way, yet they cannot but see that there is something ludicrous in their otherwise unobjectionable position. They are born expressly for the purpose of being a staple material for all jokers of jokes. The humorousness of the nineteenth century requires their existence. What would the Egyptian Hall and the laughter-loving soul of Mr. Albert Smith do if they were abolished for a day?

But Mr. Smith has yet other resources of which to avail himself. When he is tired of that most interesting class, maiden-aunts, he can "chaff" the Government. When Parliament is not sitting, there is crinoline, which is not affected by Queen's Speeches, and which lasts all the year round. Crinoline once exhausted, he knows that he is able to fall back on Bath buns and the statistics of their consumption and sale. If the worst comes to the worst, he may misquote Herodotus, sing funny songs, tell funny anecdotes, make funny faces—in a word, render himself as entertaining as his audience requires for three shillings and as the hot weather will permit. Alas! Mr. Smith is not content with such harmless performances. Like Hannibal, he has crossed the Alps,

Ut placeat pueris et declamatio fiat.

Like Robinson Crusoe, he has been to most parts of the habitable globe—like Alexander, he longs for a still wider sphere of action and another world. He pants to be the regenerator of his age, and to be allowed to give his opinion on all moot questions, religious, social, and political. Now, these are exactly the points on which, strange as the admission may appear, we are not the least anxious to hear Mr. Smith's views. He is an excellent judge of wide-awakes and travelling knapsacks, and the way in which he tracks the British hero, Jenkins, round both the hemispheres is admirable. But he should leave philanthropic societies and religion alone. We must draw the line somewhere, and we draw it at missionaries. The power of talking slang is a noble accomplishment, and he possesses it in a perfection after which young men of the present day may sigh in vain. When he mixes with it discussion of serious things, he gives us more than we either desire or deserve, and practises a decided piece of unfairness on those who go to listen to him with far other objects.

These remarks have been called for by a circumstance which has lately taken place, and which puts the Egyptian Hall orator in a most unfavourable light. It appears that in the course of a flying visit paid last year by Mr. Smith to China, he was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of the Bishop of Victoria. A live colonial bishop would be an addition to the repertoire of any entertainment, and he determined accordingly to improve his opportunity. He came, he saw, and he so completely conquered that he was asked to breakfast. The offer was not declined, and he spent the next morning with his episcopal entertainer. The business of the table over, the party went to inspect the little college at Hong Kong, where the Bishop, an enlightened and humane gentleman, educates thirty or forty Chinese boys in the English language, and, let us hope, is fortunate enough to instil into them something higher and better than the rudiments of grammar. There sat the pigtailed little creatures, slate in hand, neat, orderly, and intelligent. Mr. Smith was, by courtesy, permitted to inspect their writing, to satisfy himself as to their proficiency. The hopeful young diplomats of the Foreign-office will be at once alarmed and astonished to learn that these children succeeded in spelling "chesnut" right, with the solitary exception of one boy, who inserted a superfluous letter in the middle. At this spectacle Mr. Albert Smith's feelings seem completely to have overpowered him. Breakfasting with a Bishop would unnerve most men, but the additional sight of infant orthography made an enthusiast of the cynic. The great principle of "half-hours with the best Empires" does not leave much leisure for emotion. China, which is only a territory of five millions of square miles, could not expect a great deal of time to its own share, and that Mr. Smith should have spared even five minutes to sentiment is highly creditable to his character as a man. "Sir, you 'air' the glory of your country, and the terror of surrounding nations," said the Hon. Augustus Tinks to General Raddles. "My lord," exclaimed Mr. Albert Smith to the Bishop of Victoria, "you appear to hold the keys of British civilization in China in your hand." Wholly unaccustomed to such glowing figures of speech, and not a little taken aback by the impassioned nature of the compliment, the good Bishop begged, as was indeed natural, that Mr. Smith would not exaggerate the effect of an English education upon these little boys. Hong Kong is a commercial town, and has peculiar temptations before which honesty and character too often fall. Too often the friends and benefactors of the college had been disappointed by the sight of talents wasted, and an English training perverted to serve unworthy ends. Nor would it, he said, be right to overrate the change effected by such training on the social position of the pupils. One only of their number after leaving the college had as yet raised himself to any great distinction. In short, the Bishop spoke like an honest gentleman who is desirous not to reap undue glory, and not to produce a perhaps exaggerated impression even on a chance visitor.

This studious carefulness and modesty were, it seems, thrown away on Mr. Albert Smith. Probably he is unable to understand what a delicate anxiety not to exaggerate may mean.

At all events, the example was one which he did not imitate. That evening, at the Hong Kong Club, he gave his own version of the Bishop's remarks; and when "some one" observed that the one distinguished exception to whom the Bishop referred had since become the billiard-marker of those very rooms, Mr. Smith made a mental note of the observation, took the fact for granted, and bottled up the joke for the Egyptian Hall. He returned to England, and in the course of his lecture upon China made the most of the story. The billiard-marker episode no doubt was a great *coup*. It was obviously calculated to elicit those strong marks of "approbation" which, as Mr. Smith narrates, followed upon his commentary thereon. But, like a great many people who are in a hurry to create a laugh at the expense of others, he had missed the whole point of what he had seen and heard. He confounded the Bishop's confession of the many disappointments incidental to the education of little boys with a supposed avowal of the total uselessness of all missionary labour in China. Upon one imaginary fact this jocose gentleman based an opinion which he repeated night after night to an applauding circle. "I could not help thinking," he said, "that it was a melancholy putting of the cart before the horse to expend so much on missions with such a doubtful result." Slap! Bang! The entire system of propagation of the Gospel fell to the ground before Mr. Albert Smith's one shot.

Here we must once more observe, that for Mr. Smith to attempt to inculcate any serious truth in a lecture which is, or is at all events meant to be comic, and the sole object of which is to misrepresent and exaggerate for facetious ends what the lecturer has noticed, is an unpardonable piece of familiarity and presumption. His principles of travelling preclude the possibility of his collecting valuable information. Logic says—and we see no reason to differ from the assertion—that without facts no inference is possible. It is not probable that Mr. Smith is an exception to the ordinary laws of nature, and nothing short of a miracle could enable any man without premises to draw even a tolerable conclusion. He has to thank his own vanity for the scrape into which he brought himself. Those interested at home in the success of missions abroad were naturally surprised at the statements put into the mouth of their own peculiar Bishop. Exeter Hall woke up and gave tongue—and the voice of Exeter Hall is louder and more powerful than that of the Egyptian. On this occasion Exeter Hall happened to be in the right. Missionary efforts are a difficult subject, even for cultivated men to handle—comic orators should hold their peace about them. The consequence of all was, that Mr. Smith was compelled to refer to the Bishop of Victoria to justify the random quotations he had been giving to the world. An answer to his epistle has arrived from Hong Kong, and the correspondence has been published in the *Times*. It turns out that not only had he taken the very great liberty of using the Bishop's private conversation for the purposes of his entertainment, but he had entirely failed to comprehend its drift. Nothing at all had been said about the success of missions in general, but only as to the success of the endeavour to teach English to Chinese boys between the ages of seven and twelve. Mr. Smith, in his dashing way, had made a mistake between the progress of orthodoxy and the progress of orthography. Fortunately for Lord Malmesbury, the triumph of the Christian religion does not depend upon the victories achieved by the spelling-book. There are eight parts of speech and there are thirty-nine articles, but the articles of theology are not to be confounded with the articles of grammar. More than this, Mr. Smith had overrated the importance to be attached to a few exceptional cases in which the college training had failed. As a rule, the boys, we are happy to hear, turn out well. Any gloomy expression to which the Bishop may have given vent, though he does not seem to recollect that the interview was as gloomy as Mr. Smith describes, are fully accounted for by the natural dejection and pain caused by the ill-behaviour of one old pupil. The last blow to the Egyptian Hall romance was given by the revelation that the "Billiard-marker" is a creature existing only in imagination. No former member of the college has ever presided at the green tables of the Hong Kong Club in any such capacity. The Bishop closes his letter with the very justifiable remark that, had he been able to anticipate that his conversation was to be dragged into the entertainments of the Egyptian Hall, he would have taken care to prevent the possibility of Mr. Smith's mistaking the difficulties and disappointments incidental to teaching young Chinese the English language among European mercantile settlements, with the total failure of the general work of Christian civilization. It is possible that the lesson may be wasted upon Mr. Smith—it will certainly not be wasted upon those who have the privilege of enjoying his society.

THE PROGRESS OF THE CAMPAIGN.

THE Battle of Palestro closed the preliminary movements of the opposing armies. The campaign has now begun in earnest. Novara being in the hands of the Allies, it was natural that Mortara should be abandoned by the Austrians; for if the number of troops left there were few they would be overwhelmed by the accumulating masses of the Allies, and if they were many, they would be in a false position, with both flanks exposed and a river in the rear. Accordingly, it is certain that after

Niel entered Novara on the 1st of June, the Austrians withdrew next day across the Ticino by the bridge of San Martino, which is on the direct road to Milan, and by some of the others between that and Pavia. As Count Gyulai intended to dispute the passage of the Ticino, his obvious course was to destroy the great bridge across that river; but a letter from the Allied camp, published by the *Times*, distinctly asserts that it "was found, if not uninjured, at any rate sufficiently strong to admit of some traffic." But, beyond this bridge there is another across the Naviglio Grande, which forms here another line of defence. Nor does it appear that even this was broken down. In fact, incredible as it may seem, although earth-works at some of the more commanding positions show that the Austrians contemplated opposition, and although those who have seen the country concur in the opinion that it was admirably fitted for defensive movements, no serious attempt appears to have been made to oppose the passage of the Ticino. At this season the district in question consists either of rice-fields under water, which can only be crossed by moving along the raised *chaussées*, or of high standing crops, which confine the advancing troops to roads flanked by ditches on either side. The Austrian general had certainly three *corps d'armée*—not fewer than 75,000 men—close at hand when he retired from Mortara; and yet according to all accounts—some of them from eye-witnesses—"not only was there no resistance, but the bridges, both at Turbigo and at Buffalora, were left almost intact."

The manner in which the allies crossed appears from the despatch of General MacMahon. From Novara there are two great roads which lead across the Ticino. The one runs almost directly east, passing through Treccate, across the river by the Ponte Nuovo and the canal, and thence through Magenta to Milan. The whole distance is about thirty miles. Buffalora, it will be observed, stands about a mile north of this great road on the east bank of the great canal. The other road runs north-eastward through Galliate to Turbigo, and measures eleven miles to the banks of the river. This is the one traversed by General MacMahon on Friday, the 3rd of June, at the head of the second *corps d'armée*, and to this column the correspondent of the *Times* seems to have attached himself. He thus describes it:—

You pass along the dusty road which leads from Novara to the village of Galliate, among those rich corn-fields surrounded by a monotonous and melancholy line of willows, and intersected by rows of stiff and equally uninteresting mulberry trees, both of which are sufficiently close to spoil the view of the Alps, and to shut you in among the long line of soldiers, carts, and mules toiling along the straight and dusty road. Thus you arrive at the village of Galliate, which compensates you somewhat for the trouble you had in making your way through the crowd which encumbers the road and chokes you with dust.

After describing the village, and the château of the Conte d'Anone, he adds:—

You are again on the monotonous route flanked by the above-mentioned corn-fields. The trees are much rarer, and the Alps open out before you in all their grandeur. But you have no time to give your admiration to these mountain giants, for all your attention is taken up by the road itself through which you have to steer your horses. . . . A leap into the fields would, indeed, save you all this trouble, for the corn-fields which haunt you are only separated by a ditch from the self-same road, but you are ashamed to injure what the enemy himself has respected. Yet, in spite of this difficult sterage, as you are eager for the first view of the Ticino, you cannot help remarking campanile towers which begin to peep through the foliage of the trees on the horizon. As you approach they become more distinct and numerous, and you can soon distinguish those of Turbigo, Robecchetto, Cuggione, and Buffalora raising their heads at the foot of the Alps. Still you see nothing of the Ticino. All at once the whole scene changes. The corn-fields which harassed you disappear on both sides, and you find yourself in the midst of high brush-wood, oaks, and chestnuts.

Again, he says:—

All along this part the Ticino is skirted on both sides by a plateau, which, according to the capricious windings of this most capricious of rivers, approaches and recedes, leaving sometimes only a narrow space between it and the river, and at other points recedes to the distance of more than a mile. At the Ponte di Turbigo, where the river has three branches, the first runs close to the foot of the plateau, so steep that the road has to make a considerable winding, first to the right and then to the left, to descend to the stone bridge which leads over it. The bed of the river has quite a different character here from what it has lower down; the two smaller branches having been canalized, the swamps have given way to a rich mass of young oak and chestnuts, with now and then a corn-field, which comes in here well, and sets off the woods by its tender green verging into yellow. On the opposite side of the third and main stream a guard-house looks through the foliage of the trees, with which the border of the river is here thickly covered. These woods continue on the gradually rising ground until they mix with the verdure of the Alps, which form a magnificent background to the picture. This mass of green is relieved by the villages of Turbigo, Robecchetto, Cuggione, and Buffalora, which rise almost in a line on the plateau which skirts the Ticino on the Lombard side.

On Thursday, the 2nd, the advanced guard of the French were already on the river bank, and had constructed a bridge of boats. Next day, the 3rd, MacMahon arrived, and at once crossed in person. There was no serious resistance, but the French general, having reconnoitred the village of Robecchetto satisfied himself that it was easily defensible, and was well fitted to repel any attack from the direction of Milan or Magenta, in case the Austrians determined to oppose the allies in their passage. The village in question was indeed occupied by a small force, but it was soon carried, and the same evening MacMahon was securely posted on the left bank of the Ticino. So closed the afternoon of the 3rd, when the French general wrote the despatch giving the account of his success

which has been published. At what time the rest of the French army crossed does not appear. But it is certain that they were on the left bank in considerable force on the morning of the 4th, for that day witnessed the great struggle which took place between the Ticino and Magenta. In that fierce contest the flower of the French army was engaged. There was Regnault St. Jean d'Angely, with the Imperial Guard. There were the Zouaves, Niel and Canrobert—each with his *corps d'armée*—to which must be added the Sardinian *corps d'armée*, under the King himself. In fact, including the troops of MacMahon, the numbers of the allies engaged must have approached 100,000 men.

On the other hand the Austrians—some say to the number of 40,000 men—the *Moniteur* says 125,000 men—occupied a position near Buffalora, and so covered the road to Milan. After a furious fight, in which the Imperial and Sardinian Guards in vain endeavoured to drive the Austrians from their position, General MacMahon appeared on their flank and their rear, advancing from Turbigo upon Magenta. This movement determined the Austrians to retire, which they did in the direction of Pavia. Had they been strong enough, they would no doubt have fallen back on Milan, not merely in order to retain the moral advantages which the possession of a capital city always gives, but if they intended to fight another great battle, in order to obtain their reinforcements from Verona by railway. But in truth the loss on both sides has been most severe. According to the French accounts the Austrians lost 20,000 killed and wounded, and 7000 prisoners, whilst the French Emperor does not admit the loss of more than 5000 or 7000 men. Indeed the first accounts allowed no more than 2000. Impartial persons, however, cannot fail to be struck by the fact that whilst the French admit the loss of one gun, they claim possession of a very few of those of their enemy. The conclusion seems obvious, that whilst the French have gained a victory, inasmuch as they have compelled the Austrians to retreat, and the Emperor and the King of Sardinia have entered Milan, they have gained their advantage by employing their choicest troops, and even then only after a most obstinate struggle. To this we must add, that even according to the Turin accounts the Austrian prisoners are almost all mere boys and Italians, so that the chances are that the formidable levies of Francis Joseph are still to be brought into the field. According to the first telegrams the battle of Magenta was concluded on Saturday. It now appears clear that it continued or was renewed on Sunday. What reason Count Gyulai may have had for delivering two partial attacks it is difficult to conjecture. Such tactics are certainly opposed to all the principles of war. Be this as it may, the Austrians admit that in the battles of Saturday and Sunday there were engaged four *corps d'armée*, or 100,000 men.

The question is, what will be the next step? At first it was stated that the Austrian army had taken up a strong flanking position between Abbiate Grasso and Binasco, which is about ten miles from Milan on the road to Pavia. Subsequent accounts seem to show that they have retreated further south towards Pavia, and indeed Count Gyulai dates his despatch from Belgiojoso, eastward of that city. There can be no doubt that the Allies have now the advantage in a strategical point of view, for like the Duke of Wellington when he advanced from the frontier of Portugal, the Allies may, by moving on the flank and rear of the Austrians, compel them to abandon whatever position they may take up, or may fight them at a considerable advantage. But they must not be too precipitate; for unless the French advance in sufficient strength, the Austrians may suddenly resume the offensive, attack their right wing, and cut off their communications with Sardinia. It remains to be seen which of the two commanders can bring up his reserves most rapidly. But already it is said that the corps of Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers, which was not in the battle of Magenta, has forced the Austrians from some entrenched position. If that position be Malegnano, which is twelve miles south-east of Milan and half-way to Lodi, it seems that the Allies are already acting upon the strategical principle to which we have alluded.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

WE are very glad to find that the Directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company are about to make an effort to raise the necessary funds for a second cable, and that there is a good prospect of the re-establishment of electric communication with America being effected in the course of next year. The Company have had difficulties to contend with beyond those which the winds and waves opposed to their operations. Just about the time when the necessity of replacing the defective cable was definitively ascertained, a marked change was discernible in the disposition of the Government towards undertakings of this description. Shortly before that time, an unconditional guarantee had been granted to the Red Sea Company, under which they were enabled to raise the requisite capital, and have already completed the line from Suez to Aden. But scarcely had the concession been granted which promises in a very short time to secure instantaneous communication with India, when the tide in the political world set against the guarantee system. The reflux was so violent that Lord Derby thought fit to abandon the Bill which had been introduced to legalise the grant to the Red Sea Company, and to leave the good faith of the Government to

be vindicated by a future Parliament. We confess we cannot sympathize with the pedantic rules which the Government has laid down for its guidance with reference to the concession of guarantees. There are some tyros in political economy who are always for working their science to death. Having mastered with considerable pains the elementary principle that private enterprise will in general effect more than can be done by public assistance, they have too little confidence in their own discrimination to acknowledge the obvious exceptions to which every maxim of the kind must be open. The Conservatives, for the most part, hold economical doctrines with the fanatical tenacity which belongs to half-awakened converts. They had got their formula, and it pronounced against State guarantees to any undertaking whatever, however great its national importance, which might involve the country in any particle of risk. Lord Derby's argument, though plausible enough, was practically unsound. "If it is right to guarantee a company against failure, it would be much better for the Government itself to undertake the work, and secure the possible profits at the same time that it undertakes the whole of the risk." But there are two answers to this reasoning. One is, that the Government is by no means certain to do the work as well as a private company; and the other, that it certainly has no intention of doing it at all.

The history of Indian railways exemplifies this plainly enough. Something like 40,000,000*l.* of guaranteed capital has been raised for their construction, and no one doubts that the future prosperity of India will be largely traceable to this investment. But does any one believe that, if the guarantee system had not been adopted, the Indian Government would have ventured on a loan of 40,000,000*l.* in the course of a very few years for the sake of constructing the lines which are now in rapid progress? The real question in all such cases is practically between a guarantee and nothing. To refuse the aid which is asked for, because it is possible to suggest a better mode of effecting the purpose—which better mode is certain not to be adopted—is a rather jesuitical way of evading a task which in some shape or other ought to be performed, if need be, by the national resources. There are not many enterprises which would fall under this category; but while we spend 1,000,000*l.* a-year of public money in accelerating the conveyance of ocean mails, it is somewhat inconsistent to refuse the trifling liability which would be incurred by guaranteeing an enterprise like the Atlantic Telegraph against the risks which alone put any difficulty in the way of its execution.

An absolute guarantee would in all probability have placed us in telegraphic connexion with America during the present summer; but though this has been refused, the terms which the Government has at length conceded are really more advantageous than those which the Company asked, although they may be less attractive to nervous investors. Instead of offering, as in the Red Sea case, a guarantee of four or four and a half per cent., whether the cable were successfully laid or not, the Treasury has granted eight per cent., conditionally upon the line being in working condition. We believe that this is the better alternative of the two. Of course, however, this depends on the rate at which the safety of the cable can be insured. Suppose, for example, that a contractor would supply and lay a cable for 300,000*l.*, the Company bearing all the risks of failure. Suppose also that he, either alone or in co-operation with underwriters, would be willing to take the risk upon himself, on being paid, if successful, 600,000*l.* in lieu of 300,000*l.* If this were the real market value of the risk, a conditional guarantee of eight per cent. would be exactly equal in value to an unconditional grant of four per cent. In point of fact the eight per cent. is the better bargain, because it would not be necessary to pay so extravagantly as we have supposed to insure the cable. Until contracts are actually made, it is idle to say what the terms would be; but we believe it has been ascertained that the transfer of the risk to contractors would not nearly double the price to be paid. If this be so, there ought to be less difficulty in obtaining the requisite funds than there would have been with four per cent. absolutely secured. The actual plan which the Directors appear to have in view is somewhat different from the hypothetical one which we have put for the purpose of illustrating the commercial value of the Government undertaking. The Report which has been issued seems to contemplate a division of the risk between the contractors and any members of the Company or other underwriters who may be disposed to join in insuring the safe submersion of the cable at such premium as may be considered adequate.

We do not desire to discuss the practical details of the policy proposed by the Report, further than to point out the grounds which exist for hoping that this, the greatest scientific project of these or any other days, may soon be brought to a successful issue. It may, however, be mentioned as a further encouragement, that the eight per cent. guarantee is not the only aid which the Government has undertaken to give. An absolute subsidy of 20,000*l.* a-year is to be paid for Government messages, besides the 14,000*l.* which, if the cable is successfully laid, will be obtained from the United States. If the pecuniary difficulty can be got over, there will, of course, remain some amount of uncertainty as to the laying and maintenance of the cable in working condition. But this will be vastly reduced by the experience of last year. The conductor which was used for that trial was considerably thicker than any which had before been employed; but it is now established that a still stouter wire would greatly diminish the chances, not only of damage in the

process of submergence, but of defects such as those which proved the ruin of the old cable. This point is now much better understood than it was a year or two ago. The science of the matter is in substance this:—When a wire stretched in air is the medium of communication, the only cause of retardation is the imperfect conducting power of the metal. So long as a wire can deliver message after message without confusion as fast as the operators can work, any retardation is quite immaterial; and this is always the case with land telegraphs, however long. But when the wire is surrounded by a non-conductor—and that, again, by an insulated conducting body, whether it be a coating of iron wire or the ocean itself—new sources of delay arise. What, then, has to be done on every signal is, to charge the entire wire in a manner somewhat analogous to the charging of a Leyden jar, and to discharge it at the other end. This is a process which occupies a sensible time; and, when the cable is more than 400 or 500 miles long, the delay exceeds the instrumental delay, and becomes of practical importance. It has, moreover, been established by the investigations of Professor Thomson, confirmed by the experience of the working of the existing cable, that this delay increases as the square of the length of cable. If, therefore, it first becomes mischievous at 500 miles, it will reduce the capabilities of a cable 1000 miles long to one quarter, and those of a cable 2000 miles long to one-sixteenth, of what a land telegraph could perform. It becomes therefore of the first importance to reduce this delay as much as possible. The first idea of many electricians was that this would be effected by reducing the thickness of the wire; but this theory has been exploded by the researches of Professor Thomson. The facts established are, first, that the initial resistance, which may be regarded with sufficient accuracy as the time occupied in charging the cable, depends on the ratio of the thickness of the wire to the thickness of the gutta percha, and is constant so long as this ratio is not varied. A reduction of the gauge of the wire, as compared with the external diameter of the cable, would therefore reduce the time occupied in charging the cable, proportionably to the diminution of the thickness of the wire. But the other cause of retardation, which may with a sufficient approach to accuracy be ascribed to the time occupied in discharging the wire, follows an opposite law. This resistance is diminished by an increase in the gauge of the wire; and what is very important, it is diminished in proportion to the square of the thickness instead of the simple ratio. It further appears that the second cause of delay is beyond all comparison more serious than the first; and the result is, that in order to increase the rapidity of working, the first essential is to increase the thickness of the conductor, and the second, to add to the thickness of the gutta percha. Probably any considerable increase of the outer diameter will be impossible on account of the difficulty of stowing the cable on board ship; and we believe that the Red Sea cable, though made with a larger conductor, was not covered with as thick a coating as the old Atlantic wire.

Besides the alteration of the gauge, improvements in the insulation may be, and doubtless will be, secured by more careful manufacture, with the additional experience gained since the first attempt. Moreover, the dangers to a new cable must be very much less than those which had been accumulating during all the shippings and unshippings, and the many other vicissitudes to which the old one was exposed before the final half-successful attempt; and it is well known that the paying-out machinery which was used admits of improvements which will almost destroy one of the greatest risks—that which arises from the violence of an Atlantic swell. On the last occasion, the way in which the danger of a fracture was overcome was by paying out an enormous quantity of slack whenever the weather became unfavourable. During the worst part of the passage the indicated strain fluctuated in a few seconds from nothing up to 1500 or 2000 pounds, and the real strain may have been much greater. The jerk at every pitch of the ship was only mitigated by the clumsy contrivance of keeping relays of seamen always standing by to prevent the machinery from coming to a dead standstill at every successive wave. It is obvious that, if the cable had been made to ride over elastic bearings of sufficient play, all this irregularity would have been obviated, just as the springs of a carriage relieve the jerks occasioned by rattling over the stones. More by good luck than anything else, the rough handling of the waves did not actually break the cable on the last attempt, but there is no certainty that the same risk can be run again without still more fatal consequences. As it was, it cost the Company about 500 miles of slack, when a waste of 200 would probably have sufficed, with an elastic apparatus, to secure much greater safety. The money saving would therefore be upwards of 30,000*l.* Some slack is essential to safety on any system, but the great object is to make the ratio of safety to slack as large as possible, just as on a railway the object is to diminish the ratio of danger to speed. Another point is also of great importance—viz., to have the power of laying much or little slack at discretion, according to the nature of the bed on which the cable is being deposited. This would be attained by the use of elastic machinery, while on the old plan there was sometimes 30 or 40 per cent. of slack unavoidably wasted when the bottom was level, because the weather happened to be bad, while too little was paid out over the steep and probably rugged slope which forms the ocean bottom a few hundred miles from Ireland.

But these and other defects, as well in the construction as in

the laying of the cable, can, and we hope will, be avoided on another trial. In short, the failure, like every other failure in a scientific experiment, is a step gained in advance; and although the *prestige* of the Company may have suffered more than it deserved to do in public estimation, we shall be surprised as well as disappointed if the great feat be not at last performed by those who first boldly ventured on what seemed an almost Quixotic speculation.

OLD WATER-COLOUR EXHIBITION.

THE term "realism" has been sometimes used to denote the qualities of art in which, without any of the extravagance and singularity of Pre-Raphaelitism, a more than usually detailed and literal copy of nature has been attempted. The word is perhaps as good as any other which could be found, for though it has long had a very different signification in metaphysics, the philosophy of the Middle Ages is now so obsolete that there appears to be no impropriety in transferring to art a term which has been set free by the decay of mediæval controversy. Some such word is at any rate wanted. Every exhibition contains works which lack that peculiarity of form, colouring, and subject which seems to be essential in Pre-Raphaelitism proper, and which yet present a very marked contrast to the sort of classical and generalized landscape of which Claude's works afford the best known examples. Of this kind of painting—realist, positivist, naturalist, or whatever we choose to call it—Mr. C. Davidson's works in the Old Water-Colour Exhibition are an example. The only distinct impression which they produce is that they are very natural. They are often stiff and hard, often feeble; the colouring is frequently harsh; but after all, they leave the feeling that they are genuine and faithful copies of nature. A painter of this kind is, beyond all others, dependent upon his subject. Where Mr. Davidson has been fortunate in this, he need fear no rivals. "Thatching the Haystack" (38) is an instance. This is certainly one of the best landscapes in the exhibition. The sunny atmosphere the quiet, correct colouring and drawing, the general character of the scene are extremely good. It is, in fact, just such a subject as requires the minimum of art and the maximum of care and neatness, and consequently is just suited to Mr. Davidson's powers. He has several others as good, or nearly as good,—some of them coast scenes, such as "Scarborough, Yorkshire" (29), and "North" (76). In other cases, however, where the subject has not been so happily selected, he falls strangely below the standard to which he has here attained. Wherever, on the one hand, his subject is very difficult and complicated, or, on the other hand, is too simple to suit him, his deficiencies become apparent. In the first case, his painting assumes an air of labour and constraint, and in the second case, he is not able to make a picture out of nothing, as more skilful artists succeed in doing. It is, however, in his foregrounds that he is generally weakest. Even in "Thatching the Haystack" (38), the tree which overhangs the stack on the left hand of the person looking at the picture is hardly equal to the rest of the composition. The character of the foliage is given with more force and decision in the elm trees in the middle distance, and, as in most of Mr. Davidson's works, the penknife has been used a little hastily to take out lights. Some critics seem to object altogether to this practice of taking out the high lights with a knife, or putting them in with body-colour, but so long as the effect is good, it seems difficult to find any valid reason for forbidding a resource so common and convenient. It has, indeed, been said that lights thus introduced become dirty and discoloured sooner than the rest of the picture, and this certainly would be a good reason for objecting to them, inasmuch as the attempt thus to obtain brilliancy of effect at the expense of permanency would be a trick of which a buyer would undoubtedly have a right to complain. It is, however, very doubtful whether there is much weight in this objection, though there is probably something in it. Where a bit of paper has been erased with the knife, or where the surface of the body-colour projects, it is probably true that even in a carefully glazed picture the dust would slightly accumulate. Inasmuch, however, as it could hardly do so to such an extent as to destroy, though it might rather impair, the effect, the painting would in any case gain more than it would lose. Nor does there seem to be any good reason for treating as an imposition a device so avowed and so nearly universal. The real objection is, that the habit is perilous, and that if an artist is hasty or unskilful, he will lose more than he will gain; and this is to a certain extent the case with Mr. Davidson. He does not use body-colour, but is rather lavish of his penknife, and his manipulation is not quite so accurate as could be wished. The result of this is that his painting is apt to have a peculiar, spotted look, and is deficient in flow and ease. Instead of taking due pains to put in his foreground foliage with proper decision and character at first, he seems to rely upon these after touches to give it the requisite life and prominence; but though lights thus introduced may occasionally be useful in finishing a picture, it need hardly be said that they can never be an adequate substitute for correct colouring in the first instance. The bad effect of this practice may be seen in "Haymaking, Red Hill" (124), and "Kirkstall Abbey" (131), and more or less in all Mr. Davidson's views of inland scenery. Even in "Thatching the Haystack" there is rather too much of it; and the rubbed and laboured appearance thus produced is not sufficiently compensated by the increase of force and brilliancy.

Mr. T. M. Richardson's works present perhaps the most complete antithesis to those of Mr. Davidson. They are as thoroughly artistic as the latter are unartistic, and on the other hand are exceedingly wanting in that simplicity and natural appearance which always, in some measure, and often entirely, redeem the defects of Mr. Davidson's manipulation. No painter is so equal as Mr. Richardson. Mr. Davidson, if his subject suits him, is very good—if it does not, is very poor; but Mr. Richardson's performances are always pretty and never very striking. In one respect Mr. Richardson has improved upon the style which he had adopted a few years ago. He no longer uses such a profusion of brilliant blue in his distances. He had at one time fallen into the fatal habit of crowding his paintings with the maximum of bright colours, but has wisely returned to a more sober style. Yet his colouring even now is not quite satisfactory. It was at one time too gaudy—it now lacks freshness, and at times approaches to that of a chromo-lithograph. Taken bit by bit, it is impossible to do otherwise than admire the skill and care which his works exhibit; but, looked at as a whole, there is something artificial and lifeless about them. They seem to be such as an artist might produce who made very careful studies of details for his compositions, but who was not in the habit of painting complete scenes from nature. Mr. Davidson is always natural, but often hard and raw—Mr. Richardson is never hard or raw, but rarely quite natural.

Mr. W. Callow, though his style is very different from that of Mr. Richardson, has much of the same kind of defect. In the drawings of either of them, if the outline were given, it would be easy to foretell the kind of colouring which would be employed. The combination of blue, yellow, grey, and brown, which Mr. Callow introduces, is pleasing, but too invariable. It makes its appearance again and again in every kind of scenery and in every climate. It is therefore impossible, in looking at his drawings, to feel sure that we are looking at a faithful transcript of the original. An instance of this kind of license occurs in the "Temple of Vesta, Tivoli," (190.) The colouring of the ruined temple is, indeed, pretty correct. It would in fact be difficult to improve upon the rich hue of its time-stained pillars. The clear, blue sheet of water, however, which falls below it, is altogether unlike the white foaming cascades of the Anio. Nor does this seem to be the only change introduced. The general character of the scene is, it is true, correctly given. The temple does stand upon the brow of a cliff, and a certain amount of water still finds its way through the old channel beneath it. We are, however, much mistaken if the scene anywhere groups itself into such a complete "painter's subject" as that which Mr. Callow has delineated. In ordinary cases it would be hypocritical to object to a slight modification of the composition of the foreground for the sake of securing a picturesque effect, but it seems to be unwise, in a view so celebrated, to depart from literal fidelity. Some critics, indeed, appear to assume that it is wrong ever to introduce into a professed likeness of a particular spot any alteration, however slight. Except, however, in cases such as this, where the scene is very singular and famous, this seems to be going too far. The broad principle, that a painting which professes to be a portrait should be a portrait, is assuredly undeniable. It is not, however, equally clear that no modification of minor and unimportant points may be made. In many cases, indeed, paradoxical as it may sound, it is only possible to produce a likeness by adopting certain alterations. If, for instance, a person is standing upon a hill-side which is strewn with scattered masses of rock and old oak-trees, or other such picturesque incidents, and which commands a view of some distant castle or town, it is obvious that, to give a fair notion of such a landscape, it will be necessary not only to represent the castle or town, but also the character of the foreground. To do this, however, the artist will in most cases be compelled to select a piece of rock and a tree of the most characteristic form, and to combine them artificially in his drawing, inasmuch as it seldom happens that from any particular point the requisite objects are so grouped in the real landscape as to admit of their all coming into a drawing. If, therefore, an artist, from a notion of being conscientious, declines to do this, and, taking some particular portion, insists upon painting it exactly as it appears, he will actually convey to any person who is not acquainted with the scene an impression less correct than it was in his power to convey. If, as we believe is the case, Mr. Callow has been content to give a general notion of the sort of ground upon which the Temple of Vesta stands, without strictly imitating it in its details, he has done nothing more than would in ordinary cases be quite defensible; and it is only because the view is an exceptional one that greater fidelity can be demanded. Still this is a matter in which artists are, as a body, rather lax. They constantly go much further than Mr. Callow has done here, and seriously alter the leading features of views—as, for instance, the outlines of mountains—for the sake of picturesque effect. This certainly savours of dishonesty. An artist can always, if he pleases, combine a number of studies in a professed composition; but if he tickets his performance as a portrait of some particular place, it is clearly wrong to impose upon the purchaser's ignorance a representation which widely departs from the so-called original. There is, indeed, considerable excuse to be made. Compositions are out of fashion, and if purchasers insist upon prettiness of subject rather than excellence of painting, it is not easy to see what an artist can do, for purchasers must be found. Yet nothing can justify untruthfulness; and here, as elsewhere, the difficulty is only

in the first step. The first step has, however, to a certain extent been made. There can be no doubt that landscape painting is upon the whole less conventional than it was. The monotonous classicism which marked the drawings of Varley, and in some measure those of Copley Fielding, becomes each year more rare; and an artist of eminence who would resolutely discountenance the practice of improving upon nature in drawings professing to be likenesses of particular places, where such improvements really tend to weaken and not to strengthen the resemblance, might effect a much greater advance. Unfortunately, the attempts in this direction have hitherto for the most part been coupled either with defective skill, or affectation and caprice.

"The First Approach of Winter—Scene, Inverlochy Castle" (181), by A. P. Newton, is a very striking landscape, and of a rather novel kind. All the distant parts are most admirably rendered, and the snowy mountains stand out against the clear greys of the sky with extraordinary force and beauty. The foreground is obviously feeble and inadequate in comparison, and is too evidently put in simply because a foreground of some sort was necessary. We cannot doubt that Mr. Newton could, with due care, succeed better than he has here done. He was unwise to trust so entirely to body-colours for this part of his landscape. Useful as body-colours are in finishing and in intensifying the lights, or for the introduction of figures, they are, when used so exclusively as here, very flat and lifeless. As regards the distance, only one minor criticism suggests itself. Rather too much appears to have been attempted when the snow was represented as drifting from the top of the mountain. It is not clear at the first glance that these drifts are not simply careless painting, and it seems very doubtful whether the wind could really be so violent on the mountain-top while the mists are undisturbed at its foot—the snow being, it may be observed, described as newly fallen, and consequently not yet frozen to that dry, powdery condition in which it is most readily disturbed. Mr. Newton has some other mountain views not so conspicuous, but which perhaps evince in reality more command of the brush than this. "Late in the Autumn—Sunny Afternoon, Inverness-shire" (71), which hangs at the opposite end of the room, displays greater breadth of effect and more softness of finish than is now usual. This, though there is always danger of such qualities engaging the attention too much, seems to be a step in the right direction. It has of late been so much the fashion to identify crudity of colour and style with fidelity to nature, that it is gratifying to find an artist with real power and taste preaching a different doctrine. Mr. Newton has some other excellent works—among them "A Lane Scene" (82), which proves that he is at home elsewhere than in mountain scenery.

Mr. S. P. Jackson's works are manipulated in a manner somewhat resembling Mr. Newton's. Great smoothness and softness is their leading characteristic. They are, however, rather scenic, and while in Mr. Newton's works a love of nature seems to predominate over considerations of prettiness, in them there is, as regards colour at least, an artificial character. They seem to be the productions of one who has worked too hard in his studio, and too little in the open air. Mr. Naftel's reading of nature is very different. For brilliant transparency of sunny atmosphere, there is probably nothing in the exhibition to be compared with "A Salmon Pool, Glen Falloch, Scotland" (172); but for the most part, Mr. Naftel wages war rather too fiercely against feebleness and softness of manner. He seems to exult in arraying his greens and purples in glaring contrast, and laughs to scorn the scruples of more timid colourists. Mr. G. Rosenberg succeeds best in smaller works. His "Highland Cottage" (297) is one of the most faultless bits of quiet colouring in the room. The soft grey horizontal masses of cloud are as true in themselves as the harmony which they form with the fresh green grass is excellent.

Upon the achievements of painters so well known and so unchanging as Messrs. Cox, Harding, and Gastineau, we need not dwell. Mr. G. Fripp displays an increasing attention to elaboration of finish, and though all that he does is thoroughly good, it may be questioned whether he has not rather lost the freshness of style which he once displayed. Mr. D. Cox, Jun., has taken to a more dashing manner, and paints upon a larger scale than formerly, and is sometimes very successful, as in "The Carnarvonshire Mountains from Bettws-y-Coed" (171); but his colouring is apt to look rather capricious, and there is a certain mannerism about his foliage.

Among painters of peasant life, Messrs. Topham, Oakley, and A. Fripp have long been favourably known. The last of these three, however, is the only one who has made a decided advance. Mr. A. Fripp's paintings this year show how much is to be gained by genuine study. They look at the first glance as if they were not quite finished; but upon a close inspection, it is seen that they are in fact finished like miniatures. Their excellence, however, does not lie in their execution so much as in the perfectly natural character and correct drawing of the figures. All false refinement, on the one hand, and all vulgarity, on the other, have never been more completely avoided. Among newer names, Mr. F. W. Burton seems to merit distinction. In paintings of brute life, Mr. F. Tayler, as usual, carries off the palm. He does not, however, succeed so well in his "Roosting Time" as in horses and cattle; and good as his large painting numbered 73 is, he pays the penalty of former successes in the regret which the recollection of his sylvan scenes excites.

DON GIOVANNI AT COVENT GARDEN.

IT is curious that Beethoven should have pronounced the *Zauberflöte* to be a finer work than *Don Giovanni*—that the greatest of musicians should have failed fully to appreciate the greatest of operas. When we consider that the *Magic Flute* was written confessedly to tickle the ears of the groundlings at a suburban theatre of that city whose musical taste preferred the *Cosa Rara* of Martini to the *Nozze di Figaro*, and the *Azur* of Salieri to *Don Giovanni*—when we run over in our mind the trivialities which this opera, great as it is, undoubtedly contains—and when, on the other hand, we turn to *Don Giovanni*, and reflect that it was written expressly for a favourite audience thoroughly capable of appreciating the glorious genius of the composer, and that consequently from first to last it was a work of love upon which he lavished all the choicest treasures of his fancy and his science—this dictum of Beethoven seems so arbitrary and so capricious that we are constrained almost to doubt its sincerity. We can only account for a judgment apparently so distorted by ascribing it to the peculiar temperament, soured by neglect and embittered by personal infirmity, which characterized the later part of the life of the great symphonist.

The feeling which dictated such a criticism was probably a desire to say something that should startle—an eccentric affectation of independence of thought—a misanthropical contempt for what he chose to regard as conventionality—which, in his intercourse with the world, drove him at times into acts of ostentatious rudeness. It was some such temper of mind which, when with Goethe he met the Imperial family in the gardens at Töplitz, caused him, as he himself relates, "to press his hat down upon his eyes, button up his great-coat, and walk with folded arms through the thickest of the throng," while his friend stood aside, and, uncovering his head, bowed lowly to the august procession. Posterity has, however, reversed the judgment of the great author of *Fidelio*, and most gloriously compensated for the ignorant apathy of that Vienna audience seventy-two years ago. *Don Giovanni* has come down to us the acknowledged masterpiece of operatic art, a *κρημα ἐς αἰ* to be cherished and revered—at once the most popular and the most absolutely perfect production of the lyric stage.

What, then, shall we say of that taste which has allowed Signor Mario to deface the features of this noble work of art, and, at the same time, to peril his own great reputation, by allotting to him a part for which his voice is in every way unsuited? There is, probably, not one person among the densely crowded audience which witnessed the first representation of the opera at Covent Garden last week who would not, if at all capable of judging, agree with us in our condemnation of this proceeding. It would have been far better to have entrusted the part to a second-rate artist—better even not to have given us *Don Giovanni* at all, than to hack and mangle it in the remorseless manner involved in making a tenor of the principal character. We had hoped that the censure expressed last year in the public prints when the experiment was first tried would have been sufficient to deter Mr. Gye from again committing so manifest a violation of good taste merely for the sake of placing an attractive name, like Signor Mario's, in his playbill. Vocally speaking, we thought the serenade the most effective portion of Signor Mario's performance—"La ci Darem" perhaps the least so. Independently, however, of the necessarily unsatisfactory character of his impersonation in a musical point of view, we confess to having been somewhat disappointed with it as a dramatic performance. Whether it was that Signor Mario was himself conscious of the false position in which he was placed, or from some other cause was out of sorts, he certainly failed to infuse that spirit and power into his acting which is so conspicuous in his assumption of most other parts. Gentlemanlike his performance could not fail to be, but that is about all that can be said in its favour; and we may perhaps specially mention, as lacking force, the last scene, where the statue grasps Don Giovanni's hand, and which, as the grand climax of the opera, ought of course to be elaborated with considerable care.

With the exception, however, of this one important drawback of the transposition of the part of the principal character, the performance of the opera was everything that could be desired, and was characterized by the finish and completeness characteristic of Covent Garden. The great feature of the establishment—the magnificent band—splendid as it is even in the most trivial operas, was of course doubly so in Mozart's exquisite accompaniments; and in listening to such glorious instrumentation so gloriously rendered, we found our attention not unfrequently straying from the business of the stage. If we mention that, in the serenade, the violins *pizzicati* were a little straggling, we do so as a matter for wonder—as the exception proving the rule of admirable precision.

Grisi is Grisi still; and the public, whatever it thinks of the sincerity of her threatened retirement, has every reason to congratulate itself that she did not put her threat into execution. This was most fully borne out by her performance of Donna Anna, in which her voice appeared to be as mellow, as pure, as round, and as fluent as ever. Her broad, clear style of singing was perhaps as conspicuous as anywhere in the trio of masks, which was delightfully given. Madame Grisi's acting is proverbial, and her interpretation of the character of Donna Anna in particular so well known, that it is quite unnecessary to say more than that it was as forcible, as intelligent, and as exciting as ever.

Madame Penco's Zerlina was graceful and pretty, perhaps rather too quietly ladylike for the peasant girl. Her singing was careful and correct in intonation, and commendable for the reverence shown to the text by the absence of all adventitious roulades or ornaments. We may remark in passing, that we do not feel sure that the effect of "Batti batti" would not be improved if the violoncello obbligato were brought out a little more from the rest of the accompaniment. Madlle. Marai (Elvira) sings with a pure, steady tone, perfect intonation, and considerable fluency, but is deficient in power; and, as an actress, rather tame. It would, however, be difficult to find a better Elvira now in London; and her performance in the masked trio and in her song, "Mi tradi," was expressive and musicianlike.

Signor Tamberlik made his first appearance this season in Don Ottavio, and sang capitally. The old tremolo, however, is still there, and is, we suppose, a physical defect in his voice, of which he would be very glad to rid himself, if possible. The continual employment of this effect, expressive as it is when sparingly and judiciously made use of, could not be sufficiently censured if we supposed that it was in Signor Tamberlik's power to avoid it. With this one drawback, his performance was excellent, and his "Il mio tesoro," into which he introduced his celebrated high chest note, so effective as to elicit a unanimous encore. The Leporello of Signor Ronconi is one of the most perfect and artistic pieces of acting in the whole range of operatic characters. The defects of his singing, and of his intonation in particular, are almost obliterated from our notice by the admirable genius which is displayed in every portion of this masterly delineation. We cannot enlarge upon the particular features of his impersonation of Leporello, which is, indeed, so familiar to the opera-going public as scarcely to make this necessary. We may add, in conclusion, that Signor Tagliafico's Commendatore still remains the best within our experience—that the village scene, the court-yard, in which the grand sestet "Sola sola" is sung, and, lastly, the cemetery, are admirable for scenic effect—and that the chorus throughout the opera was smart and efficient. The opera is to be given again this evening for the second time.

REVIEWS.

MADAME DUDEVANT ON THE WAR.*

MADAME DUDEVANT has just published a pamphlet which appears to us to embody, with most repulsive clearness, the sentiments which apparently animate a considerable part of the French nation in relation to the war in Italy—sentiments to which the battle of Magenta will no doubt afford a most disastrous stimulus. We hope that we attach undue importance to what appears to us to be a very significant publication, but we greatly fear that Madame Dudevant's pamphlet supplies strong evidence of the revival, or rather of the vitality, of that ferocious sensibility which for so many years made France the scourge of Europe. Madame Dudevant is one of the most popular of the little knot of writers who gave to French novels a character altogether peculiar. She may therefore be taken to represent in an exaggerated form the common sentiments of a considerable section of the country, for such an assumption may generally be made with respect to any novelist whose popularity is at once extensive and durable. She is no friend to the present French Government. She has apparently no very special knowledge of the circumstances out of which the present war has arisen, and it might have been hoped that she would have been but little tempted to applaud its commencement. Such, however, is the whole gist of her pamphlet. "Ce matin," it begins, "j'étais un poète, un rêveur." But the night brought warlike dreams; a voice proclaims—"I am War, and am going to cross the Alps; you know me of old—Dans ce temps-là on m'appelait la gloire, et tu bégayais ce mot sans l'entendre, aujourd'hui tu veux quelque chose de plus qu'un mot sonore pour me comprendre et me saluer, je suis la fraternité sublime." War goes her fraternal way, and a set of conscripts enter to the tune of "Who's afraid?" "Qui est-ce qui tremble parmi nous? Personne, voyez! Nous avons le sac sur le dos, nous sommes soldats, nous chantons, nous sommes fiers, nous sommes beaux, le baptême de sang va laver tout," &c. &c. Italy is such a lovely country, and the French are so fond of it, that it is a duty of relationship to assist in setting it free. "Nous volons vers toi entraînés par une puissance qui ne raisonne plus, et qui fait bien de ne pas raisonner." Not to shut our eyes is a positive sin—"Quiconque parle politique à cette heure, quiconque a un système, un projet, un parti pris, une arrière pensée en dehors de la croisade, est un impie et un mauvais frère." War is as good for the French as for the Italians—"Cette France matérialiste et railleuse qui rit de tout et ne sait rien vouloir" is quite regenerated. "Comme l'Italien le Français vit par le cœur, et ces rudes natures militaires sont les plus impressionnables qui existent."

It is impossible for any thoughtful person to read such language as this, especially when it proceeds from a popular writer, without feelings of which it is not altogether easy to describe the depth or the extent. In the modern history of Europe there is no more awful lesson, certainly there is no lesson which has been

* George Sand: *La Guerre*. Paris. 1859.

taught by experience so bitter and so decisive, as that which shows us that the tender phrases of the French are cruel. To an English mind there is no spectacle more revolting than that of a sensibility so exquisite that nothing but blood can satiate it. It is seldom wise to be sentimental at all. Sentimentality usually deprives rational conduct of its dignity, but when associated with crime and violence it produces a mixture so nauseous and so loathsome as to create a certain sympathy for criminals who are cold. The imperturbable hypocrisy of Palmer wore a less hateful appearance than it otherwise would have presented when contrasted with the incoherent penitence of Dore. We do not propose, on the present occasion, to enter into any argument upon the justifiable character of the present war, or upon the motives which have influenced those who have provoked and undertaken it; but we do say that no possible view of the matter can justify the sort of sentiment which Madame Dudevant expresses, and in which we fear a considerable number of her countrymen sympathize. The sentiment shortly is, that the soldiers who fight under Louis Napoleon are engaged in a very magnificent operation—that they are fighting for the liberation of Italy which is the sister of France, and that on that account they ought to excite all sorts of poetical feelings. These feelings are to be embodied in more or less rhythmical language, in which all their exploits are to be celebrated. Our view of the matter is that the feeling in question is a mere delusion, and that the mode in which it is expressed is bad in every possible respect—bad as a matter of taste, bad as a symptom of the national character from which it proceeds, and worse than all, in its consequences to the rest of the world. As to the sentiment itself, it is enough to remark that, except in the cases in which a man fights against invaders, the vast majority of the soldiers of whom an army is composed know no more, and have no more means of knowing more, about the justice of the war in which they are engaged, than they know about any other subject which lies beyond their range of knowledge. Being soldiers, they naturally and rightly fight when they are told to fight; but it would be absurd for almost any one of them to offer an opinion upon the merits of the contest; and if that is the case, it is a mockery, and not much less than an insult, to attempt to stir up their enthusiasm by one-sided addresses about crusades and holy wars. To do so is indeed a confession of weakness. The most distinctive peculiarity of a man of sense is, that he knows his place, and estimates the compass of his own powers with some approach to accuracy. There is a strange and ominous irony in filling the heads, or rather the mouths, of a set of ignorant peasants, many of whom cannot read, with phrases about the liberation of Italy and the glorious destinies of France.

We by no means join in the horror which some people are fond of expressing at all wars whatever. War is not so attractive that any one is likely to engage in it without powerful reasons for doing so; and if it is on the whole desirable that people should fight, there is no use in making wry faces about it. A battlefield is unquestionably an awful thing. It is certainly horrible to reflect that a number of persons equal, perhaps, to the whole population of Winchester, are lying at this moment killed or wounded in the neighbourhood of Magenta; but it has been so before, and will be so again, and there is always a great deal of misery in the world. Every one of us must die sooner or later; and if all the patients of all the hospitals in London were collected in one ghastly crowd in Hyde Park, we should see that a mass of suffering, equal probably to that caused by a great battle, constantly exists in the very midst of us without disturbing the serenity of the most sensitive. Such reflections certainly enable us to look upon war with some degree of calmness; yet they surely ought to persuade us, if anything can do so, that war is a most serious affair, and that it is a dreadful thing to excite people to it by chattering and cackling about matters which they do not understand. Professional duty is a very good ground for fighting; and so is the love of fighting for the credit of the country, or from a wish to get promotion; but there is something indescribably repulsive to our feelings in the habit of associating so serious a business with clap-trap.

We are not sure whether the style in which Madame Dudevant writes is not as offensive as the feelings to which she appeals are foolish. The French who "vivent par le cœur," the "baptême du sang," the "fraternité sublime" are all old friends. Like the authoress's novels, they recall the sensibility of the Revolution. There is a sort of operative lusciousness which keeps both the amative and the combative instincts on the boil, ready at any moment to break their bounds and scald every one within reach. It is a perversion of the great passions of human nature to subject them to this kind of treatment. Every one knows what harm is done by using love in this way—by suggesting considerations and depicting scenes which tend to deprive it of the character of a principle of action and convert it into an excuse for the display of vanity. Madame Dudevant herself has depicted, in one of her ablest novels (*Horace*), the miserable results which follow from such a course of conduct. She paints a young man who seduces a woman merely for the sake of having something to be sentimental and melancholy about. Yet she does her best to induce her countrymen to take up war in the very same spirit. They are to go to Italy to indulge their generous sentiments—they are not to reason or to criticise, but to fight, because it will be such a testimony to the sublime principle of fraternity and so good for their own moral character.

The consequences to the French national character, and to the peace and comfort of the rest of Europe, involved in the inculcation of such sentiments as these, are perfectly frightful. It is altogether unendurable that any nation should set up its own prejudices as the eternal indefeasible standards of right and wrong, and enforce the acceptance of them on the rest of the world under the penalty of fire and sword. It is as much a point of duty to insist that nations should observe the provisions of treaties in the strictest manner as to insist that individuals should observe the rules of morality; and no graver injury can be inflicted on the interests of mankind than that of preaching up a sentimental system of politics, claiming to embody great principles which are to be looked upon as infinitely more sacred and more important than any existing obligations, however weighty may be the considerations on which they have been contracted. It is melancholy to think how deeply the character and policy of the whole French nation has been moulded by such feelings as those to which the pamphlet before us appeals, and which give it all its importance. It was this temper which, in the first Revolution, made French armies the scourge of Europe. The people worked themselves up into a confused sort of belief that they were to regenerate all other countries, and to be paid for their trouble by robbing them. In 1848 many symptoms of the same temper appeared, though ultimately the excitement vented itself in other directions. In 1859, after being dragged into war, apparently against their will, by a ruler who has the advantage of knowing his own mind, they immediately proceed to get up a sort of *rechauffé* of the old feelings. They seem incapable of doing anything quietly, or of looking any course of conduct in the face and avowing their true reasons for adopting it. If it has no other advantage, the spectacle may at least teach us to value as it deserves that inestimable habit of grumbling which has done more to preserve the English nation from exposing itself than any other quality. To brush off that gloss of illusions with which a cowardly self-indulgence seeks to gild the various pills of life, to see things as they are, and to speak of them as we see them, to despise all cant, and to avoid all brag, are some of the most important duties of man. Those who live in the habitual violation of them can never expect to produce those great and lasting results in which alone not only true greatness, but true poetry and true beauty, are to be found.

THE SERAMPORE MISSION.*

OUR later literature is perhaps more defective in what are usually called religious books than in almost any other of its departments. In respect of quantity, indeed, we have no right to complain; and the defects in quality, which undoubtedly present themselves to a critical understanding, very frequently pass unperceived by less discriminating readers, if we may judge by the popularity which many works of the class in question have in point of fact attained. During the two centuries which succeeded the Reformation, theological writers were amongst the most distinguished of such English authors as handled historical and philosophical subjects. This state of things has long since passed away. It is long since any clergyman achieved by his professional writings a permanent place in the literature of the country. The list of those who have done so since the days of Butler and Warburton would be a very short one indeed.

We hardly know whether the extraordinary fertility of theological brushwood can be accepted as a compensation for the decay of the timber. For many years past a perfect deluge of tracts, pamphlets, reports, religious biographies, volumes of sermons, fourth and fifth-rate polemical and devotional treatises—to say nothing of religious newspapers, reviews, and magazines—has poured forth without stint. It is a curiously dreary sort of writing—uninviting to the eye, unsatisfying to the mind, and for the most part impossible to remember. We cannot enter fully upon the causes of this strange combination of extraordinary poverty of thought with unexampled fertility of production. The deeper reasons for it are very deep indeed, but the superficial reasons are the bad taste of the authors and the extreme conventionality, both of phrase and thought, into which they almost always fall. Foster's essay on the Aversion of Men of Taste to Evangelical Religion sufficiently proves the fact to which we refer, though, in our opinion, it fails to account for it.

In the midst of this general mediocrity, cases do sometimes occur in which men of real literary ability handle the class of subjects in question; and when they do, the result increases our regret that the attempt is not made more often, for they usually show that the authors of such works have much that is interesting to say if they knew how to say it. Southey's *Life of Wesley* is perhaps as good a specimen as could be mentioned of what some people call a Sunday book, written by a man who understood the art of composition; and Mr. Marshman's work belongs to the same class. Compared to most of the religious biographies with which we are acquainted, it stands exceedingly high, for not only is it remarkably well written in point of style, but it has the advantage of being pervaded by a healthy, manly tone, entirely free both from cant, and from that indecency which insists on saturating the reader with the private meditations and internal experiences of the hero. These are

* *The Life and Times of Carey, Marshman, and Ward*; embracing the History of the Serampore Mission. By John Clark Marshman. London: Longmans. 1859.

high, though they may possibly be looked upon as in some degree negative merits. But Mr. Marshman has a stronger claim upon his readers than they would indicate. A large part of the book traces the rise and progress of Christianity in India, and describes the policy adopted in respect to it by several successive Governors-General from 1793 till 1832. Few subjects can be more interesting at the present time, and certainly none involve principles of such deep and universal interest. We rather grudge the space which the Serampore Mission steals from them, and we hope that Mr. Marshman may take some future opportunity of handling the whole question of Christianity in India upon a broader basis.

We should be sorry to be understood to speak disrespectfully either of the Serampore Mission itself, or of the men by whom it was established. Their history is a very remarkable one, and well deserved preservation. The mission was founded and to a very great extent supported by the exertions of three men, each of whom raised himself from a position of the greatest obscurity to one which required the possession of the highest literary and practical ability; whilst each, though he had the means of making a fortune, lived and died in a state of voluntary poverty, devoting the whole, or almost the whole, of his means to the promotion of the temporal and eternal welfare of the natives of India. This was undoubtedly a memorable thing, and we cannot be surprised that the son of a man of whom such a tale could be told should have felt it not only a duty but a pleasure to tell it with full and circumstantial details. To readers who take a technical interest in the affairs of the Baptist Missionary Society, we have no doubt that Mr. Marshman's account of the questions which arose between his father and the Society in reference to the authority of the latter over the Serampore mission will be interesting. To ordinary readers they are unavoidably tedious, but the main features of the history must possess interest for every one who can enter into the extraordinary questions, theological, moral, and social, raised by the growth of our Indian empire.

Mr., afterwards Dr. Carey, was originally a shoemaker, in a village in Northamptonshire. He received in his youth strong religious impressions, became a local preacher, and acquired a considerable amount of education with a view to that object. In the course of time, he conceived a sort of passion for attempting the conversion of the Hindoos; and though he was married and had four children, he embarked for India, spending on his passage nearly the whole amount of the subscriptions which had been raised for the purpose of sending him out, and arrived almost without resources of any kind. For a considerable period after his arrival, he led an unsettled and wandering life, supporting himself by acting as clerk and assistant in various factories, and living at one time in a hut built by himself in the Sunderbund—a jungle on the coast of the Bay of Bengal, equally formidable from its wild beasts and its malaria. Under all these discouragements and difficulties, he contrived to learn the Bengalee language, and to translate the New Testament into it; but this was the principal and almost the only result of six years of toilsome, anxious, and unremitting exertion.

In 1799, Mr. Carey was joined by Mr. William Ward, who had been a printer at Derby, and was afterwards editor successively of the *Derby Mercury* and the *Hull Advertiser*. He was accompanied by Mr. Joshua Marshman, the son of a weaver at Westbury Leigh, in Wiltshire, and was himself bred to the same occupation. Mr. Marshman was from a child a great devourer of books, and contrived, by reading everything that came in his way, to qualify himself to become a schoolmaster at Bristol, and a student at the Bristol Academy, at that time the great place of education for Dissenters from the West of England. By this means he attained, by the age of twenty-six, a knowledge not only of the classics, but also of Hebrew and Syriac.

The sum allotted to the missionaries for the support of six families was no more than 360*l.* a year. They were also to have some help in printing their translation of the New Testament, but were expected to support themselves principally by their own exertions, besides carrying on the objects of the mission. At that time no one could settle in British India without a license from the East India Company, and this license—which was in all cases granted with considerable jealousy—was uniformly withheld from missionaries. The Baptist missionaries were at first ordered to leave the country, but they reached Serampore—at that time, and long afterwards, a Danish possession—and partly by the protection of the Governor, Colonel Bie, partly in consequence of representations made to Lord Wellesley, were enabled to remain there. They continued to reside at Serampore till the death of Dr. Marshman, the last survivor of the party, in 1837, during which period they executed—principally from their own resources—an amount of labour which is perfectly amazing. Mr. Marshman, with the help of his wife, kept a school which for a long time was the most popular in India. Mr. Carey was in course of time made a professor at the college founded by Lord Wellesley at Calcutta, and Mr. Ward superintended the printing. By these means each of the party earned a considerable income, and received during the long course of their residence very considerable sums of money. The manner in which they expended them is almost unexampled. They lived in common, and their earnings, after a small reserve for personal expenses, were thrown into a common stock, and devoted to a variety of undertakings of a missionary kind. The amount of their contributions in

twenty years was between 40,000*l.* and 50,000*l.* Dr. Marshman alone contributed 30,000*l.* in the course of his career. The objects which the mission embraced were preaching, the establishment of new missionary stations, the translation of the Bible into various native languages, and the institution of a college for the education of native missionaries. The detail of these operations may be read in Mr. Marshman's volumes, but we may enumerate a few of the more remarkable. Dr. Marshman translated the Bible into Chinese. Dr. Carey not only translated it into Bengalee, but executed several other translations, besides compiling grammars and dictionaries of various native languages. Mr. Ward, who was the principal preacher, wrote a book still favourably known on the character, customs, and institutions of the Hindoos, and superintended the printing of the translations—a most difficult and laborious operation, as the type had generally to be engraved, and as every other preparation for printing was made on the premises. Such was the general nature of the Serampore mission—as remarkable an instance of energy as even Indian history can afford, and an instance of self-denial and simplicity which hardly any history could equal.

It is mortifying to read that men so laborious and self-denying underwent a good deal of molestation at the hands of the Government. Under Lord Wellesley and Lord Hastings, they were not only tolerated, but employed in the public service. But on several occasions they were embarrassed, and once, at least, the mission was all but suppressed by the Government. This occurred under Lord Minto's administration, during the panic caused by the mutiny at Vellore. The power which the Governors-General could exercise over those who were for any reason unwelcome to them, consisted in the right of deporting any one who was in the country without a license. The proceedings, and still more the threats, which arose from the possession of this power greatly hampered the operations of missionaries in India, till the charter of 1813 entitled all Europeans to reside in the country, and expressly recognised the lawfulness and the moral obligation of attempts to convert the natives to Christianity.

These proceedings afforded the only, or nearly the only, excuse for the vehement abuse of the "traditionary policy" of the East India Company which contributed so largely to its destruction. Mr. Marshman's book appears to show very clearly that, like all party abuse, it was very indiscriminate and very unfair. There is not now, and for many years past there has not been, any controversy as to the principles on which the policy of the Government of India should proceed as to religion. It is undisputed that the Government should avow itself to be Christian, and it always has done so. Lord Wellesley made the avowal by every means in his power, and the establishment of bishoprics and chaplaincies is one of many decisive declarations of the same tenor which might be referred to in later times. In the same way it is universally admitted that Government ought not to proselytize, and that it ought to extend the fullest toleration to the religious belief of all classes of natives. These principles being universally conceded, and having for many years been so conceded, it appears difficult to understand how the impression arose that it was a sort of religious duty to deify the Company, and to use every effort for its abolition. It probably arose out of the notion that the Company, as such, had some specific sympathy with a way of thinking and feeling which, seventy years ago, was nearly universal in the classes from which most of its servants were taken. The East India Company was irreligious in the latter part of the last century, because it was a very irreligious time, and because the circumstances under which its servants were placed were such as to indispose them in a very special manner to all religious impressions. But whatever the motives of individuals may have been in making the assertion, there can be no doubt that they were perfectly right in affirming that it would be both a cruel injustice and a piece of suicidal folly for the Government to attempt to influence the natives in favour of Christianity. They overshot the mark and put themselves in the wrong when they went on to say that no one ought to be allowed to write anything which could interfere with the religious opinions of the natives. This ground, however, was given up in 1813, and has never been resumed. From that time to this, the principles of the course to be taken have been admitted, though their application has been warmly contested. It is certainly untrue, in fact, that the policy of the Indian Government since 1813 has been in any sense hostile to Christianity. The abolition of suttee, the alteration of the old law of inheritance, and the remission of the pilgrim tax, are all proofs to the contrary. Whether it is equally true that the progress of Christianity has not been, and is not now attended with danger to the Empire, is quite another question. With great diffidence we should be inclined to think that on the whole it is dangerous, but that it is a danger which ought to be incurred. It is impossible to read any book on any considerable Indian subject without perceiving that no course could possibly be taken with respect to India which is free from danger, and danger of a very serious kind. A reforming Government placed at the head of an Empire which is the incarnation of the stationary spirit is, and always must be, in a dangerous position. The general feeling of immense masses of men who see new habits, new institutions, new modes of thought, and a new religion gradually invading all their old habits, cannot but be hostile to the new comers. It requires a

considerable degree of enlightenment and generosity, aided by the flexibility and love of novelty natural to the young, to enable pupils to like their masters; and it would show a strange want of the conservatism which is all but universal in human nature if the Hindoos liked us. That they dislike our religion more than they dislike other things which they associate with us, may or may not be true; but they probably dislike everything that is connected with us and our ways. In such a case as this there is no remedy but one; and that is to go on, cautiously of course, but decisively. Our chance of ultimate success and safety lies in bringing over the Hindoos to our own ways of thinking and acting. Our danger is that they may resent that extremely irritating and unpleasant process. Every step in it is attended with danger, but it increases our chances of ultimate success when made without ill results. The abolition of suttee was a dangerous measure, but it was a very wise one, and has greatly improved our position. Every effort to convert the natives is probably attended with risk; but if they were all converted, not only would our empire be placed on a far firmer basis than that on which it stands at present, but we should have performed the greatest exploit that has been performed in the history of Christian nations. Such results are well worth the risks they involve; but they do involve risks of a very terrible nature, and the highest degree of prudence is required in dealing with them. If the Government had always had their way, they would very probably, at one time, have excluded Christianity from British India—if the missionaries had always had theirs, it is very probable that there would have been no British India to Christianize. In the present day, no one can doubt that it is desirable that the rulers of India should feel like Christians; but we earnestly wish that we could see more ground than we can at present discover for believing that the missionaries, and those who promote their enterprises, understand the responsibilities and sympathize with the caution of statesmen.

JAMES'S NAVAL HISTORY.*

THE second volume of the new edition of this work comprises the four years from 1797 to 1800. The battles of Cape St. Vincent, Camperdown, and the Nile, the mutinies at Spithead and the Nore, and the discomfiture of the French expedition destined to invade Ireland, are the most important events which it narrates. Latest in order of date, but first in completeness and in celebrity, stands Lord Nelson's victory in Aboukir Bay. This great triumph was achieved on the 1st August, 1798, rather more than four years after Lord Howe's victory. The boldness of the attack, and the decisive character of the result, enable us to estimate the progress which, during four years of constant activity at sea, had been made by the British fleet in naval tactics and aptitude for maritime warfare. After the battle of the Nile it would have been comparatively easy, if the opportunity had occurred, to do the same thing again. But when, at one o'clock in the afternoon, the French fleet was first descried at anchor in an unknown bay, perhaps Nelson was the only officer in high command in the British navy who would have resolved on an instantaneous attack. To wait until early morning would have been the obvious conclusion of many a brave veteran; and, meanwhile, the French Admiral would have put out to sea, and very likely have fulfilled his orders to evade a battle and return with all his ships uninjured to Toulon. But Nelson knew himself, and, since the action off Cape St. Vincent, the British fleet knew him, and he had a well-grounded confidence that among his captains there would be no such slackness as had baffled the skill and bravery of Lord Howe. To risk all that Nelson risked when he entered Aboukir Bay was only justifiable because he knew that in Hood, Troubridge, Saumarez, Hallowell, and his other officers, he had men ready to dare and to do everything for the accomplishment of his magnificent design.

The French fleet and convoy, with Bonaparte and his army of 30,000 men on board, had quitted Toulon on the 19th May, and, after taking Malta from the Knights of St. John and placing there a strong garrison, had sailed for Egypt. Nelson had been cruising in the Mediterranean with three weather-beaten ships; and although a formidable armament was known to be preparing at Toulon, not another English line-of-battle ship was aloft eastward of Gibraltar. But the arrival of a reinforcement from England off Cadiz enabled Earl St. Vincent to detach ten sail of the line to join Nelson, and to send full instructions to him "to take, sink, burn, and destroy" the Toulon fleet in all waters within the Straits. No ship of the line belonging to that fleet ever entered a native port again. Eleven of them were lost to France on the coast of Africa, and the two which escaped thence were captured in endeavouring to reach home. Having received the welcome reinforcement and full power to act as he thought best, Nelson pursued the French to Malta, but found that they had quitted it, and he guessed their object to be Egypt. There, by steering a direct course, he arrived three days before them, and found the Turkish Pasha unsuspecting of any attack from France and by no means friendly towards England. Disappointed here, and having no certainty

as to the real design of Bonaparte, Nelson steered for the coast of Anatolia, and thence for Syracuse, and thus the favourite of fortune was enabled to land his army safely at Alexandria and to place his fleet in what was deemed a secure position. The baffled fleet of Nelson watered and refreshed at Syracuse, and knowing now where the object of their search was to be found, they again put to sea, with a fair breeze, and steered towards the goal of their hopes. If it be thought strange that a French fleet and a convoy of 400 sail of transports should have escaped the eager pursuit of Nelson in the Mediterranean, it should be remembered that the enemy detained every ship of every country that they fell in with, and that Nelson had not a single frigate to assist him in a service in which a wide and rapid survey of sea and land, and the collection of all available information, were essential conditions of success. It is a proof either of the mismanagement of the English Admiralty, or of the extremities to which it was reduced, that a brig, commanded by Captain Hardy, afterwards Lord Nelson's flag-captain at Trafalgar, was the only light vessel belonging to the chasing fleet.

The entrance to the harbour of Alexandria being deemed dangerous for line-of-battle ships, the anchorage in Aboukir Bay was selected after the army had been disembarked, as the station of the French fleet. The Bay of Aboukir commences about twenty miles to the east-north-east of Alexandria, and extends about six miles in a semicircular direction from Aboukir Castle to the westernmost or Rosetta mouth of the Nile. There is no depth for line-of-battle ships nearer than three miles from the shore, a sand-bank running out to that distance. Two miles from the point on which the Castle stands, and connected with it by a chain of sand-banks and rocks, is a small island. Aboukir Island, as it is called, is surrounded by a continuation of the shoal that runs along the bottom of the bay. The French van-ship lay rather less than two miles south-east of the island, and about half that distance from the edge of the surrounding shoal. A line drawn from north-west to south-east will roughly represent the position of the French fleet. It really formed a very obtuse angle towards the sea, the flag-ship being at the angular point of junction of two nearly equal lines. The edge of the shoal behind the fleet was concave. It was only about 700 yards from the third ship in the line. It then receded to about double that distance from the centre ship, and again approached within 700 yards of the rearmost ship. These figures are important, in order to show how narrow was the sea-room open to those who might venture on the bold experiment of rounding Aboukir Island and passing between the French line and the shoal. Besides this, no officer or man in the British fleet had ever been into the bay, and no chart of it existed on board any of the ships, except one, very rudely drawn, which had been taken out of a prize. Nelson's ships were spread on the look-out when the enemy was first discovered. It would be evening before the fleet could be collected for attack, and night before the battle attained its height, and it must be fought amid darkness and the dangers of an unexplored bay. But the wind was moderate and blowing from north-north-west, so as to be fair for rounding Aboukir Island and assailing the van-ships of a line of which the direction was about south-east. True it was, that without the utmost skill and caution half the attacking ships might stick fast upon hidden rocks and shoals. But, if it was possible to avoid these perils, Nelson and his captains were the men to do so; and then they might attack the French on their unprepared land-side, and place their own ships so as to annihilate the enemy's van before his rear, which must work up against the wind, could arrive to render aid. This was the conception which entered the mind of Nelson simultaneously with the first sight he gained of the position of the long-sought foe. Those who can thus discern advantages and can inspire in their subordinates the spirit necessary to improve them, are rightly said to possess a genius for command. For the beauty of the design, the seamanship and bravery which accomplished it, and for the terrible completeness of the destruction wreaked upon the enemy, the battle of the Nile stands unrivalled in the history of naval warfare.

We should far transgress our utmost limits if we attempted to follow the advancing ships of the British fleet through all the incidents of that tremendous night. At 5:30 p.m., the fleet being nearly abreast of the extremity of the shoal, the signal was made to form the line of battle, and the rapidity and precision with which this was done excited the admiration of the French. Lord Nelson from the *Vanguard* hailed the *Zealous*, and asked Captain Hood whether he thought there was sufficient depth of water between the enemy and the shore. "I don't know, Sir," replied Hood, "but, with your permission, I will stand in and try." This was the same Captain Hood who ran his frigate into Toulon harbour, under the belief that his father, Lord Hood, was still in possession of the place, and, finding enemies where he expected friends, managed to get out before the French batteries could cripple him. This exploit was one of the smartest things done in all the war. At about 6:30 p.m., the leading British ship, the *Goliath*, crossed the head of the French line, and pouring a raking broadside into the van-ship, the *Guerrier*, bore up for that ship's inner or left-hand bow. But the anchor not dropping in time, the *Goliath* ran past the *Guerrier*, and did not bring up until abreast of the inner quarter of the *Conquerant*, the second ship. The next British ship, the *Zealous*, brought up abreast of the inner bow of the *Guerrier*, which was precisely the position which the *Goliath*

* *The Naval History of Great Britain, from the Declaration of War by France in 1793 to the Accession of George IV.* By William James. A New Edition, with Additions and Notes. In 6 vols. Vol. II. London: Bentley, 1859.

had intended to take up. A broadside at musket-shot distance brought down by the board in less than five minutes the *Guerrier's* foremast. The sun was at this moment sinking into the horizon, and not a British ship, except the *Goliath* and *Zealous*, had yet fired a shot. This was on the 1st of August, 1798. On the 31st of May, 1794, Lord Howe had shortened sail at sunset, thinking rightly that he could not trust all his captains amid the confusion of a night attack. But Nelson's plans were disturbed by no such doubt. He well knew that every ship in his fleet would do her part as fully as that in which his own flag was flying. Nelson had under his command thirteen 74-gun ships, and one ship of 50-guns. The largest of all these ships, except one, was smaller than the smallest of their opponents. Two-deckers of 50 and even 44 guns were still retained in the English navy, although every class under 74 guns had been banished from that of France. Vice-Admiral Brueys had one 120-gun ship, three 80-gun ships of the finest class of two-deckers then afloat, and nine 74-gun ships, all larger and stronger than any ships, save one, in the British fleet. Mr. James calculates that this fleet of thirteen ships was fully equal in force to seventeen of such ships as Nelson's. Captain Troubridge, in the *Culloden*, had the ill-luck to strike on the rocks off Aboukir Island, which the ten ships which preceded him had passed in safety. For any part the *Culloden* bore in the action, she might as well have been at anchor in the Bay of Naples. But against this accident may be set the terrible calamity which befel the French in the blowing up of the 120-gun ship, *Orient*, before the battle was concluded, but after five ships had struck. The first eight of the British ships had comparatively easy bargains. The *Zealous* lost only seven men wounded, and was scarcely less efficient after than before the battle; and yet, principally by her fire, the *Guerrier* had more than half her crew killed and wounded, and was so riddled by shot that her captors could only burn her where she lay. But one of the rearmost British ships, the *Majestic*, had brought up under the guns of an opponent which, although only a two-decker, was more than a match for a small British three-decked ship. The captain of the *Majestic* was killed by a musket-ball, and Victory caught him as he fell, as we know from the monument at St. Paul's. Another of these ships, the *Bellerophon*, dropped her anchor so as to bring up abreast, instead of on the bow, of the French three-decker. The two remaining British ships, which had been detached in the morning to reconnoitre Alexandria, came up late and slowly from the westward. It was now dark, but the flashes of the engaged ships showed them towards what point to steer. The *Bellerophon* lay alongside of the *Orient* for an hour and ten minutes, and then, having her main and mizen masts gone and her foremast tottering, she managed to set a spritsail and wear clear of her powerful antagonist. The attempt to make sail brought down the wounded foremast, and at this moment one of the detached ships, the *Swiftsure*, came up, and thinking the dismasted hull an enemy was about to pour a broadside into her. But Captain Hollowell wisely hailed before firing, and was answered—"Bellerophon, going out of action, disabled." Instantly the *Swiftsure's* anchor was let go, and without exactly knowing where, she brought up about thirty yards astern of the spot which the *Bellerophon* had just quitted, and began a steady fire into the bow of the formidable *Orient*. The *Bellerophon* survived the pounding of that day, and many years afterwards Napoleon surrendered himself to her captain, and was brought in her a prisoner to England. The venerable ship, now far past the age of seaworthiness, may be seen at anchor in Portsmouth harbour, a noble but fast-decaying relic of the famous battle of the Nile.

It is worthy of remark that the French admiral had made up his mind that the British attack would be delayed till morning. He was therefore taken by surprise, and was compelled to see the van of his line pulverized, while the rear ships rode peacefully at anchor. It was impossible for these ships to have come up quickly to the rescue, but they might have slipped their cables and stood out of the bay to intercept the rearmost of their enemies. It happened that the wind changed after the action began from north-north-west to north, so as to facilitate this manœuvre; but the French stirred not to arrest the impending ruin. Nothing, however, could be more gallant than the defence made by almost all their ships. After five of those ships had been obliged to strike, and the flag-ship had blown up, their consort, the *Franklin*, was the first vessel in either fleet to recommence the battle, which the dread of general conflagration had for a time suspended. In more than one French ship half the crew were killed and wounded before submission. Throughout the war, indeed, the bravery with which the French sustained a struggle in which they could not win commands our warmest admiration. Here and there, too, we find officers who proved themselves skilful seamen. But in general the school of commanders to which Nelson and his associates belonged were an overmatch for them. French sailors might have truly said, as French soldiers learned at a later time to say, that they went forth to fight against the English without fear and without hope.

The victory off Cape St. Vincent was gained by Sir John Jervis over a Spanish fleet of great numerical superiority, by the exercise of a skill in seamanship which the Spaniards could not hope to imitate. In this battle, fought on the 14th of February, 1797, Nelson and Collingwood gained distinction which opened to them the road to the highest places in their country's service. When the news of this victory reached England, the memory of the

time when the combined fleets of France and Spain were masters of the Channel was still fresh in all men's minds; and great was the relief felt from the danger of a coalition of naval Powers, which had seemed more formidable than it really was. But not Spain alone had been drawn into alliance against England. Holland, who had formed her navy naturally, and not by the mere issuing of decrees, also added it to that of France. The naval qualities of the Dutch had been proved in many a hard-fought battle, and in the disgraceful days of Charles II. the guns of a Dutch fleet had been heard in London. But on the 11th of October, 1797, Admiral Duncan, off Camperdown, abolished the pretensions of Holland to rank as a maritime Power. The value of this victory was enhanced by the fact that it was gained within four months after the mutiny at the Nore, following that which had been appeased at Spithead, had excited in the country a better-founded alarm than could be raised by any coalition. It ought, however, to be said in justice to the mutineers, that their original complaints were reasonable, and that they always declared that if the enemy put to sea they would instantly obey their officers. The Dutch at Camperdown defended their ships most obstinately against a superior force. Mr. James calls this battle "the second stand-up fight during the war," and he remarks with approbation that no prize taken in it could be repaired so as to be fit to go to sea. The battered hulls which the Dutch surrendered were never of any value to the victors except as trophies to ornament their ports.

We cannot part from this most interesting volume without attempting some slight sketch of one of the grandest scenes which it describes. In the winter of 1796, a formidable expedition was prepared at Brest to invade Ireland. General Hoche was to command the army, which the French contrived, as they always do, to stow on board their fighting ships with a facility and disregard of consequences which our own navy has perhaps done well not to imitate. In order to evade the vigilance of the English fleet, it was necessary to put to sea in stormy weather. The French Government determined to brave the perils of the Irish coast in winter, if by so doing they could escape the greater risk of a naval battle. But their fleet was scattered on the voyage. Some ships were captured, some were wrecked, and the rest returned in evil plight to France. The 74-gun ship *Droits de l'Homme* was fallen in with on her passage home by the *Indefatigable* and *Amazon* frigates. There was a fog, and a high wind and sea. A night of twelve hours was just closing in, and no one of the three ships knew where she was, except that the French coast was near. The two frigates immediately attacked the line-of-battle ship, and the combat lasted, with two short pauses, for ten hours. The *Droits de l'Homme* had lost her topmasts, and rolled so much that her lower-deck ports could not be opened. On the main-decks of the frigates the men were up to their middles in water. But still, amid a furious sea, the battle raged, and everything that skill could do was done on either side. The frigates kept as much as possible on the bows or quarters of the line-of-battle ship, which endeavoured to get them under her broadside, or to run them on board, and thus find employment for the troops she carried. The captain of the *Droits de l'Homme* was one of the ablest officers in the French service, and Sir Edward Pellew commanded the *Indefatigable*. The exhaustion of both parties stopped the action, and soon to the terrors of battle succeeded the greater terrors of a lee-shore. Daylight showed to the crew of the *Indefatigable* land close ahead and on the weather-bow, and breakers to leeward. In the direction of the shore was seen the *Droits de l'Homme*, broadside uppermost, with a tremendous surf breaking over her. With the wind blowing dead on the shore, the English frigate passed at the distance of about a mile, but could not aid, the wreck of her late opponent. Her own safety depended on her weathering the Penmark rocks, which she accomplished, passing about three-quarters of a mile to windward of them. The *Amazon* had been so crippled in the action that she could not work off the shore. She was wrecked, but her crew were saved to become prisoners. The *Droits de l'Homme* was beaten to pieces by the waves as she lay aground, and upwards of 1000 sailors and soldiers perished out of 1350 who had embarked in her to invade Ireland. The destructive powers of nature and of man combined to make that night one of the most terrible ever known at sea. No more awful spectacle of storm and battle was witnessed throughout the war, and never did sailors of any nation exhibit nobler qualities than were shown alike by French and English in those ten hours of doubtful battle and of raging elements. It is the great merit of Mr. James's History that courage and good seamanship, of whatever country, receive ample honour at his hands.

THE JEWS IN THE EAST.*

DR. FRANKL, an Austrian Jew, poet, physician, and philanthropist, visited Palestine in 1856, in fulfilment of a mission entrusted to him in Vienna, to found a school at Jerusalem. The institution was projected mainly for the children of the Jews, but was at the same time intended to be open to youthful Turks, infidels, and heretics of all persuasions. Dr. Frankl's experiences as a tourist, the history of his efforts as an agent of

* *The Jews in the East*. By the Rev. P. Beaton, M.A., Chaplain to the Forces. From the German of Dr. Frankl. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1859.

secular education in the Holy City, and his gatherings of information respecting his co-religionists settled in Judea, are the contents of the work before us. It has not met with the best of usage at the hands of its English translator. It bears marks of a certain egotistical vanity, unalloyed by even the slight modicum of humour occasionally discoverable in cosmopolitan Germans. As far as the tourist portion of the book goes, it is not more interesting or more new than most of the hundred other volumes written within the last five years about the East. But it has a real worth in the insight it gives into the actual condition, character, and traditions of the Syrian communities of Jews, which no traveller of the Christian persuasion could have laid before us with such full detail or on such undoubted authority; and for this reason our gratitude is due to Mr. Beaton for translating into indifferent English the information which lay hidden under a layer of German phraseology probably not of more skilful composition. Apart from the interest which general readers will find in its main subject-matter, the book may also be pronounced valuable as a typical example for persons about to travel of the expediency of starting with a definite object or pursuit in touring. It is only by concentration of his thoughts and observation upon a speciality of some sort or other, that the hundred-and-first voyager along a daily beaten track can hope to carry away impressions of which the freshness and sharpness will not fade, or of which the estimation in his own mind will not decline in proportion as he finds that they do not strike as forcible or original those to whom he attempts to reproduce them at second-hand. Unimpressive as a scenic painter, feeble as a social and political observer on Eastern topics indifferent to Jewish sympathies, Dr. Frankl rises into strength of style and clearness of view whenever he comes into contact with his native Judaism. It is a subject on which he has thought and felt, and with the aspects of which he is so conversant as to be able to write, in a sensible tone of justifiable assurance, what he knows to be worth reading. Every tourist who dimly speculates on a future existence in print should strive to appropriate a special standing-point from which to survey the area of his wanderings. He will not write a good book until he finds himself thoroughly, or even dogmatically, at home on the ground which he may choose to pitch the tent of his mind upon.

Some of the numerous class of persons who believe a Jew to be always and radically a Jew, whatever thin crust of localized nationality may have been spread over him, and make no distinction in their Christian antipathy between Rothschild and the pauper who howls every Friday in the Wailing-place at Jerusalem, may be surprised to find that a professed brother in blood and in faith can speak of the Syrian Hebrews so openly and with such a contemptuous pity. Whatever fraternity may be involved in the common traditional belief that all the souls of unborn Israelites were assembled to hear the law given from Mount Sinai, it is obvious that the Europeanized, civilized, and contented exile has little in common with the actual Mosaic occupants of the Promised Land. On Dr. Frankl's own showing, there is hardly to be found in being a more helplessly degraded human community than that of the Jews resident at Jerusalem. In number they amount to some 5700 souls, or about one-third of the whole population of the city. They are divided into two jealously separated nationalities—the Sephardim, or Spanish-Portuguese Jews, numbering 4000; and the Ashkenazim, or German Jews, under which head are counted all of Russian, Polish, Galician, or Moldavian origin. The administration of the property of the Sephardim is entirely in the hands of the Rabbinical hierarchy, consisting of a hundred individuals, who occupy themselves chiefly "in learning the Talmud, to the neglect of all those studies that would enlarge their views." The officials who undertake the actual management of secular and economical affairs, as well as the auditors of their accounts, are elected by the Rabbis from their own body—the lay portion of the community having no voice in the matter. It does not appear that irresponsible power over trust funds can be more safely confided to a Jew than to a Gentile. The charity of European brethren sends to Jerusalem for the support of poor Jews a yearly average contribution of a million piastres; but the percentage which sticks to the hands of the reverend distributors is, if we are to believe Dr. Frankl, quite enormous. The only method by which of late years it has been found possible to ensure the application of any fund to the relief of those in greatest need of it lies in entrusting it to the various European consuls in lieu of the close corporation of Talmudist doctors. The very collection of this voluntary tax in the different countries of Europe is an object of speculation among the enterprising Rabbis, and is farmed out to the highest bidder. The profession of a begging delegate appears to be the most remunerative career open to promiscuous talent for a Mosaic Arab. The diploma required before the duties of this office can be undertaken of course certifies all believers that the "pious, honourable, learned bearer has been selected from many other Rabbis," &c.; but Dr. Frankl feels it his painful duty to state that he has known it conferred upon a "housebreaker, thief, hypocrite, and blasphemer." Within our author's personal knowledge, the Jewish butcher one day declined to kill any meat for the community, on the ground that such a diploma had been refused to his nephew, a youth of eighteen. It may be presumed that the constituted authorities who preside at the examinations for the Jewish civil service were not long in discovering adequate qualifications in the candidate whose uncle occupied so strong a position. In the meantime (says Dr. Frankl) the other Jews "cried, as on a former occasion in the wilder-

ness, 'Would to God we had died in the land of Egypt when we sat by the fleshpots.'" Private protests are not wanting against the unprincipled malappropriation of these European charities. Sir Moses Montefiore, who may be regarded as the Saint Martin among modern Jewish worthies, testified in person his disbelief in the equity of the usual distributions by bringing with him to Jerusalem dollars in specie, packed in wooden barrels, to be given to the poor with his own hands, a dollar a-piece. When the charitable task of many hours was done, and the miserable exhibition of poverty concluded, "it so happened that the noble distributor" discovered that he had given away the money which should have paid his Jerusalem hotel bill and his passage to Europe. The point of the story lies in his being obliged to do business with one of the needy-looking recipients of his own charity, who lent him on the spot a large amount of ready money—for, of course, a proper consideration. We see no reason why the tale should not be true. On Sir Moses Montefiore's next visit, he attempted to give his eleemosynary benefactions in some more permanent and reproductive shape; but when "this strictly orthodox man was planning institutions, and had no more money to throw away, they excommunicated" the ill-required "benefactor of Palestine."

Apart from the foreign contributions, it is difficult to find out from Dr. Frankl's account what resources enable the Jews of Jerusalem to subsist at all. No education in any of the arts or handicrafts which could make life a self-supporting process is ordinarily given them, and the opportunity for receiving it is not embraced by them readily when offered. "Increase and multiply" appears to be the chief commandment of the law to which their obedience is devotedly given. Gentile reporters of the Talmud assert that in its contents are to be found express precepts enjoining early marriages, permissively at thirteen, and obligatorily at eighteen years of age—that he who by celibacy defrauds Israel of children is to be reputed a homicide, while he who adds a soul to the people is the creator of a world. Whether from precept or from instinct, earlier marriages are notoriously habitual among the Syrian Jews than even among other Oriental populations. The observations of Dr. Frankl led him to the conclusion, which no scientific Gentile could have stated more fairly or more forcibly, that the chief result is an obvious physical deterioration of the national type from generation to generation.

Under these circumstances of extreme bodily and mental destitution, it is not surprising that the Protestant mission should have achieved a certain degree of visible success. Our author is obliged to admit that such is *prima facie* the fact; though he remarks that the melancholy impression produced by the phenomenon of such frequent apostatizing "is very much weakened if we examine from a religious and moral stand-point the character of the sheep which have been brought within the fold by the shepherds" of Christianity. His clerical translator seems to feel himself *ex officio* bound to discredit the impartiality of his own witness in this matter; but it may be admitted, without much hesitation, that the convertite Jews are not more unimpeachably respectable than most of their unconverted brethren, and that, in some cases, they are more sincere in their attachment to the loaves and fishes of their new entertainers than to their doctrines. Dr. Frankl's own feelings of compassionate orthodoxy were probed by a beggar on the point of perversion, who pleaded hard for a present of 3000 piastres to pay a debt to the mission, and so save himself, his wife, and children from the degrading necessity of being baptised. The "dodge" of appealing to a wealthy co-religionist on such a pretext is kept for the benefit of European strangers. The resident Jews regard the frequent cases of conversion with too philosophic an indifference to render the experiment worth trying on them. They know that, in most cases, the "inward convictions" of the convert have remained unchanged, and are wont to prophesy, with charitable confidence, if not with absolute approbation, "He will come back after he has helped himself." Upon the whole, the Jews are more likely to estimate at their proper value the inward convictions of their countrymen under difficulties than those who are occupied in exerting the pressure which persuades its objects to become Christians. Dr. Frankl is honest enough to own that, "if we could only close our eyes to the object which the mission has in view—but we cannot close our eyes to that which is immoral and bad—we should readily admit that it has conferred many material advantages on the Jews, and done much to promote civilization in the highest sense of the term." The commendation, however qualified, is perhaps one of the most valuable the mission has yet received. In return for it, we venture to hope that the institution which Dr. Frankl attempted to establish, under the greatest hindrances and with an immediate result which at best seems to have been problematic, may succeed in working side by side with the analogous institutions set up by proselytizing Christians, in such a manner as to "promote civilization in the highest sense of the term." Dr. Frankl will agree with us, that this is the right way to make the Jews better worth keeping and the proselytes better worth making.

It would be difficult to exemplify the difference between a Syrian and a European Jew more accurately than by the following anecdote of Dr. Frankl's entry into Jerusalem:—

Reb Jizchah, who joined us before Ramleh, and whom we saw expelled from the monastery, had hastened on before our caravan, for the purpose, as I afterwards learned, of announcing my arrival. I was now some hundred yards in advance of the caravan, and quite close to the walls of the city. Suddenly a

man, whom I had not previously observed, rushed upon me, and seized the collar of my great-coat with his left hand, while he brandished a long glittering knife in his right. My reverie, from which I was suddenly roused by this unexpected attack, gave place to a feeling of indescribable terror, and I was almost mechanically drawing my pistols from the holster, when the man quickly loosened his hold, lowered his arms, and with pale lips exclaimed:—

"Schema Israel! what are you going to do?"

All this happened in less than a minute, and recognising one of the same creed, I, who may have been just as pale with terror myself, could not help bursting into a laugh. He explained to me that every Jewish pilgrim, before he enters the city, must tear his dress from sorrow at its destruction, in the same way as on the occasion of the death of a relative. So I allowed Mr. Mosche Kural, who derives a small income from this office, "a krie cut," i.e., I allowed him to make a rent in my dress, while I repeated after him the usual formula—"Zion is turned into a desert; it lies in ruins."

THE VICISSITUDES OF ITALY.*

THE appearance of this little volume is well timed. The author, who dates his preface from Genoa, seems to have lived much in Piedmont. His political, and probably his personal, sympathies are altogether with the Italian Constitutional party, who, in the persons of Cavour and Massimo d'Azeglio, have swayed the fortunes of Piedmont for nearly twelve years; and when he undertakes to sketch the recent history of Italy since the accession of Pius IX., it is natural that he should make that State the central object of interest, and continually demand the hopes and sympathies of his readers for her aspirations to political and territorial supremacy. Had his book appeared six months ago, it would probably have found a much smaller number of English readers; but amongst them there would have been much less difference of opinion than he will now encounter. The social and industrial progress of Piedmont, the consolidation of her political institutions, the influence of her example upon adjoining States, so as gradually to develop free and national institutions—these, whether practical and practicable or not, were objects which combined the good wishes of the immense majority of Englishmen, until the unexpected succession of events which has made the fortunes of Piedmont and of Italy subordinate to designs whose real scope and extent are alike concealed from the allies and the enemies of the Ruler of France.

Whatever the Italians may imagine from the altered tone of many of our organs of public opinion, the feelings of the people of this country are not withheld from the cause of freedom and national independence. If we could believe that that cause was the motive, and not the pretext, for French intervention, even our aversion to a breach of the general peace would not prevent us from sympathising with an enterprise such as the world has never yet beheld—a great nation plunging into war for the exclusive benefit of a weaker neighbour. But such a belief is impossible to men who calmly consider the general course of human affairs—doubly impossible to those who remember the past history of the author of the present war, and the character of the people who have adopted him as their master. Thus it is that the minds of Englishmen are now divided between two seemingly incompatible sentiments. They desire the liberty of Italy, but they object to French supremacy in Europe, and will not blindly promote secret projects which they believe to be equally hostile to the rights of all independent States and to free representative institutions. It is, then, no slight proof of the extent of English sympathy with Italy that the almost universal feeling of this country should be in favour of neutrality in the present war. Had the same combination of events arisen anywhere else in Europe, a feeling similar to that which sprung up in 1854, against the Emperor Nicholas, would inevitably have displayed itself against the new aggressor.

For any one living in Italy it is plainly impossible to speak or to write with perfect impartiality of her contemporary history. Mr. Gretton is not to be blamed if he now and then exhibits facts in the same light in which they have been presented to his own eyes by those among whom he has lived. One very serious misstatement at the close of his last chapter, wherein he imputes to the Austrian Government the provocations which led to the present war, must indeed be noticed.* It is notorious that during the last autumn, while the arrangements were proceeding between the French Emperor and the Sardinian Government of which the first public indication was given on New Year's Day, the levy of conscripts for 1859 throughout the Austrian empire was reduced in number, and in the Italian provinces the Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian was fully engaged in the twofold attempt to conciliate the feelings of the people and to secure the assent of the Court of Vienna to needful reforms. It cannot now be known whether in both these objects he was destined to inevitable failure—whether, as many well-informed persons believe, he had outrun his instructions and his powers in holding out hopes of political and legal changes, and whether the hostility of the educated classes in Lombardy and Venice would have been unabated, even by the redress of substantial grievances. Be this as it may, there certainly was less in the conduct of the Austrian Government to provoke Italian hostility during the past year than at any time since 1847. The truth is, that the leaders of Piedmont, Count Cavour and his soldier-king, did not search nicely to pick out an immediate cause of quarrel. For years they have been preparing to renew the struggle for the expulsion of the Austrians from Italy. For that

end every means was desirable, and the first moment that offered a chance of success was the right one to make the attack. Secure, as they were, of the sympathies of the great majority of the people of Italy, it would have been better to proclaim the truth boldly than to rest on so hollow a pretext as the increase of Austrian garrisons after distinct warnings of the designs of France had been received at Vienna. In any case, a writer having the means of knowing the truth need not have reproduced a diplomatic subterfuge to extenuate a course of policy deliberately planned, and of which he heartily approves.

A continual practice of a certain, and by no means the best, class of Italian writers, is to impute all sorts of personal depravity to the men who happen to be conspicuous in the ranks of those to whom they are opposed. It is a pity that English writers should allow themselves to fall into this unworthy habit; and Mr. Gretton would have much improved his sketch of the events of 1848 and the subsequent years, if he had done something like justice to the character of two eminent men, Filangieri and Radetsky, whose misfortune it was to be engaged as military commanders in suppressing the national struggles of the Sicilians and Lombards. It is part of the destiny of such men that at the time they are identified with every act of severity, inevitable or otherwise, executed by those under their orders; but in regard to both the Neapolitan and Austrian Generals, we have ample evidence that the character for cruelty popularly attributed to them in Italy, and reproduced in this book, was entirely undeserved. It is well known that General Filangieri, commonly known as Prince of Satriano, resigned the Government of Sicily five years ago, because of the obstinate refusal of the King to consent to a milder and more reasonable system of administration. His aversion to the cruel and cowardly policy of that monarch, now removed too late from the scene of his misgovernment, was notorious; and the best prospect of any improvement in the policy of Naples is to be found in the fact that the young King has had recourse to the advice of this veteran soldier and statesman. Of the late Field-Marshal Radetsky, again, there is but one testimony borne by those in Lombardy and Venice who are able to rise above mere popular rumour. While some of the Austrian generals are accused of ruthless severity in trampling out the last sparks of the revolution of 1848, it is admitted that Radetsky's efforts were uniformly directed to check the harshness of some of his subordinates, and to soften the inevitable burden of the yoke which was replaced on the necks of the revolted subjects of Austria. There is no evidence whatever that the unwarrantable sequestrations of 1853 were suggested by him. We should learn something by resorting oftener to the simple process of putting ourselves in the position of others. Placed in the condition of educated men, natives of Austrian Italy, there are few of us who would not in heart, if not in fact, be rebels to an alien Government. Reverse the position, and make us Austrians, and there are many of us who would not show as much temper and moderation as most of the Austrian commanders did at the conclusion of the war.

There is nothing so difficult as to get at historical facts. Half of the truth is never known at all—the actors carry it with them to the grave. Of what remains much comes to light long after the event, or is known but in a vague and disputable way. This volume will be very convenient to many who have forgotten the occurrences of the last twelve years in Italy, as far as these were known to the public at the time; but there is little new information to be found in it, considering that the writer seems to be acquainted with several of the actors in the scenes which he describes. The most interesting new matter is to be found in the nineteenth chapter, where he gives a rather remarkable letter, addressed to King Victor Emmanuel by Massimo d'Azeglio, in April, 1855. The various particulars regarding the political career of that eminent man will help to increase the estimation in which he is justly held in this country. Somewhat too ideal for the practical life of a politician in the nineteenth century, he has from time to time exercised a commanding influence over the affairs of his native country, which is fortunate in having such an example of noble simplicity and unselfish patriotism.

LUXIMA.*

LUXIMA was one of Lady Morgan's earliest works; and, as it was revised by its authoress only a short time before her death, it will probably attract the attention of many readers, who will be curious to see what was the kind of tale that helped to make Lady Morgan's literary reputation forty years ago, and has been thought worth reissuing now. They will find in *Luxima* one of those dismal Eastern stories that pleased a former generation, but are so perfectly unmeaning and distasteful to us now. The East was then a kind of wild, vague region of the fancy, where anything unusual and impossible might conveniently be made to happen. In order to give reality, the storyteller crammed up a few volumes of Oriental travels, stuck in the names of some unheard-of trees and stones, foraged for telling customs and practices of the natives, and made the most of the creeds and superstitions of the East. To us the artifice appears simply babyish. We are not to be taken in with any amount of deendams and Gurus and mohaffahs. We know that real Orientals do not talk with an allowance of one hard Eastern

* *The Vicissitudes of Italy since the Congress of Vienna.* By A. L. V. Gretton. Routledge. 1859.

* *Luxima, the Prophetess. A Tale of India.* By Sydney Lady Morgan. London: Westerton. 1859.

word to a page of stilted English platitudes. The East has also become sufficiently familiar to Englishmen for us to pronounce confidently that no prophetess, in the most distant way resembling Luxima, could ever have lived there. To positive knowledge we cannot, most of us, pretend; but we may rest in a negative conviction that in no part of the wilds of Cashmere is it customary for a woman of divine beauty, and dressed in white robes and the appropriate dsendam, to go every evening to have long spiritual flirtations with a Roman Catholic Missionary at the "Confluence of Streams." This, however, is the main incident of *Luxima*. The lady and her lover boil up for each other's gratification. Lady Morgan's reminiscences of their respective creeds, until Luxima reaches that stage of semi-conversion which gives hopes of her salvation, at the same time that it admits of her employing a great many telling Pagan terms to express her emotions. The monk falls desperately in love with her, and she with him, but fifty pages of mutual exhortation enable them to resist their passion, and the story ends suddenly by their being half-robbed by the Inquisition, Luxima being accidentally poniered, and the monk retiring to Central Asia to mourn her loss.

Let us be thankful that we in this day have got rid of this sort of story. We have plenty of dreary and trashy novels, but no woman with anything approaching to the ability of Lady Morgan would now think it anything but sheer waste of time to invent scenes of the sham-Eastern type. The turn of the present day is entirely realistic. We do not have fancy portraits of Portuguese missionaries who are represented as acting like Xavier and talking like Hannah More. We prefer an angelic carpenter to a matter of fact parson. And the inferior novels of the day keep steadily in the same line with the superior. The most enthusiastic lady novelist scarcely permits her fancy to wander further than to select one curate out of many as her ideal; and with such minuteness are the facts of daily and homely life chronicled, that we should not be surprised to see a model washing bill set out in *extenso*, with a running commentary of controversial teaching. This is a directive of the faculties of man which we do not greatly admire. All this realism in fiction seems little better than sticking crowds of gigantic apple blossoms on the surface of a picture supposed to represent scenery. But still it was perhaps necessary to have an overdose of realism in order to kill for ever the taste for stories so ridiculously unreal as *Luxima*.

We may, however, observe that there was displayed in the vein of fancy which led to tales of mock Oriental romance a desire of the human mind that will from time to time be certain, to make itself felt. Realism is an excellent thing in its way, but it does not satisfy all the aspirations of man. We cannot always escape from the wish to embody something nobler and grander than anything we see around us. These Eastern tales had a certain charm, because readers who did not criticize them received a notion that things were somewhere or other transacted on a surpassingly grand scale, and by a vastly superior set of persons to any with whom they were familiar. The pleasure consisted in the mind being transported out of the region of common life. The few first-rate poets whom the world has as yet seen have combined the accuracy of everyday life and complete faithfulness of detail with the apprehension of a sublimer and more ideal world. But the general course of human thought has been to fluctuate first in one of these directions and then in the other; and the same variation may usually be traced in the history of individual minds. The induction furnished by the past is wide enough to make us sure that the present excess of realism cannot last, although we do not at present see any trace of its disappearing, or any indication of the form which a reaction from it is likely to take. But whether desirable or not, a reaction is pretty sure to come. It is in some respects very satisfactory that in these days everybody is sensible and everybody is orthodox. But such is the vivacity or perversity of the human mind, that we may be almost sure that the next generation, or the next after that, will be inclined to prefer imagination to sense, and personal to traditionary convictions.

What we have gained by the realism that is now fashionable is, that small writers feel, and, for a long time will continue to feel, precluded from taking up large subjects. A lady casting about for matter with which to make a book that shall fill up her time, gain her some notoriety, and enable her to tease her publisher out of a 50*l.* note, would never venture to describe the amours of an Indian prophetess. She would be alive to the objection that she knows no more of Indian prophetesses than of the man in the moon. She would never think of writing about India at all unless she had been there, and then she would keep within the safe limits of Anglo-Indian society, and her plot would centre on the moral or immoral emotions that may be supposed with probability to be awakened, cherished, or smothered at tiffin. Her tale would therefore be nothing worse than gently insipid, or it might even be languidly amusing, and would never overwhelm us with the tedium which stories like *Luxima* inspire. It is not, however, impossible that one class of readers may hereafter find *Luxima* amusing. The Hindoos of the richer classes are learning English so fast, and acquiring so extensive a knowledge of English literature, that they may soon come to beguile their abundant leisure with the perusal of our minor novelists. We have scarcely sufficient evidence to enable us to say whether these learned Orientals ever relish any joke at all; and still less, whether what would be a joke to us would be a joke to them. But certainly, if we knew that

there was a genuine Bengalee romance describing how the great Ram Das came over to the West to convert Mrs. Trimmer, and how their spiritual controversies ripened into a mutual attachment, we should expect to be diverted by its contents; and, conversely, it is not beyond possibility that some Hindoo's sense of the ludicrous—if any Hindoo has any such sense—may one day be pleasantly aroused by reading Lady Morgan's *Luxima*.

KNIGHT'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.*

IT is impossible not to feel a predisposition in favour of a work whose author we esteem. If a critic is to be perfectly impartial, he must possess that security which, in the Scotch judge's opinion, deprived of all merit the fairness of an English Court—he must have no friends. Whether it be that friendship blinds or enlightens our judgment—whether our regard for the author be supposed to hide from us the defects of his work, or our knowledge of him to reveal to us merits that others fail to discern—certain it is, that the work of a friend must be very bad indeed if we blame it severely, and very poor if we can find in it nothing to commend. Towards an author like Mr. Knight, all writers must entertain a partiality of the same kind. A man who has been so industrious and so persevering in a long career of public usefulness—who has done so much to elevate the character of our most widely "popular" literature—whose part in the improvement of the people's reading, effected during the last quarter of a century, has been so great and so valuable—is entitled, in coming before the Court of Criticism, to a prepossession in his favour. He is entitled to find an inclination to praise his work if possible, and, if not, to censure it as gently as justice will allow.

We wish it were in our power to congratulate Mr. Knight on the successful execution of his renewed endeavour to furnish a truly *Popular History of England*. Such a work is much wanted, and its performance would be a triumph that would atone for many failures. We regret to say that the want remains unsatisfied. It is requisite that the book which is to supply it should first be readable, suited to public taste, and sufficiently instructive to be adequate to the public need of instruction; and, secondly, that it should be a real and thorough history of England. The volumes before us do not properly fulfil either of these requisites. They are not written in a style likely to be popular; for of all things, the reading and thinking portion of the working classes detest being treated like children, and there is something about the tone and manner of this narration that makes it read as if meant for children. There is a constant recurrence to the moral of the story as conceived by the relator—a persevering reference to a didactic purpose—which is always and with all classes eminently and justly unpopular. Of all dull and tedious things, a didactic essay is the most wearisome, unless its inherent insipidity be relieved by surpassing beauty of expression and skill of arrangement. But a history written in the didactic style and spirit is even worse—duller, and certainly more irritating. If we commit ourselves to the perusal of an ethical treatise, we do so knowing what we have to expect; and though we are likely to be tired and bored, we have no right to be indignant. But we read history for historical information, and not for moral lessons—or, at least, we wish to draw the latter for ourselves. It is not pleasant to travel in company with a guide who delivers a concise lecture on the progress of agriculture and manufactures *à propos* of every corn-field or water-mill, and makes every stumble of his steed the text of a homily. Not only does Mr. Knight grievously offend against public patience in this respect, but he is apt to fail in enlightening his readers about things they do wish to understand, while he somewhat irrelevantly moralizes on matters which they fancy they understand already. For instance, many of them, no doubt, would willingly exchange all his moral conclusions for an explanation of the inscriptions on the numerous coins which illustrate his pages—inscriptions which not one in twenty will be able to read. Any school-girl can make trite remarks on the evils of war and oppression; but we should be glad to have from an historian who writes for the people clear and precise accounts of facts, explanations of events and documents which ordinary readers have not time or means to work out for themselves.

One of the principal reasons which appear to account for the unsatisfactory character of this *History*, is the limited and one-sided purpose with which it is written. It professes to be a History of the English People; and with a view to being such, it curtails and abridges the narrative of many events in which "the people"—to wit, the lower orders—did not take a direct share, but which bore in a most important manner on their condition and progress. Never was anything more meagre and inadequate than the account given of the Crusades, of which Mr. Knight writes with the indifference of a Radical, and in the temper of a member of the Peace Society. The history of the connexion between the English Crown and its French provinces—on which perhaps more than on any other single chain of events the destiny of the nation hung—is treated in a similar style and spirit. The purposeless and ineffective rebellion of Wat Tyler occupies as large a space as the struggle which finally put an end to the Wars of the Roses,

* *The Popular History of England. An Illustrated History of Society and Government from the Earliest Period to our own Times.* By Charles Knight. Vols. I.—V. London: Bradbury and Evans. 1856—1859.

and settled the succession to the throne of England. In all this there is a want both of tact and of judgment. The space allotted to popular movements and outbreaks, about which we know very little, is filled up by conjecture; and the brevity of the narrative where there is more ample material, being unaccompanied by clearness and conciseness of style, renders it dull and uninteresting. If a history is meant to be popular, it must contain, in lively and readable form, all that those who read, without being disposed to study, most wish to learn. It must not be confined to matters of a more abstruse nature because these, in the writer's view, seem the most important. Nor is that view which regards the progress of commerce, education, and public liberties—too much neglected, no doubt, by old historians—as alone worth attention, altogether sound. It savours too much of reaction run to paradox. The military history of any warlike country—the story of its struggles, its defeats, its triumphs—the tale of victories won against overwhelming odds, or of courage, resolute and unshaken, amid extremest dangers and disasters—these are things to which men cannot be indifferent, even after the lapse of centuries, and indifference to them would argue no favourable change in the national character. To the mass of readers who are not wont to think very profoundly on what they read, those portions of history will be most interesting which deal with striking events rather than with silent progress. They will care less for the steady and regular course of a nation's life than for its romantic episodes and spirit-stirring recollections. Moreover, the foreign policy of a country, especially in early times, is a most essential part of its history, bearing in no trifling degree on its internal condition and development. A narrative which so completely directs attention to the latter as to treat the former slightly and carelessly, is not only incomplete as the history of a nation, but also inadequate as a record of its social and political progress.

One quality of essential value to an historian is that of appreciating readily the character, whether of an age or an individual, however different from any to which he is accustomed. Different ages have their peculiar notions of right and wrong, their especial taste and temper, their own particular method of action and reflection, their own habits of thought and tone of mind. In dealing with the events of any period, its historian is bound to take all these things into consideration. Naturally and inevitably he judges of truth and probability, as of right morality, more or less by the standard of the age in which he lives. He judges this or that statement to be untrue, because if made at present it would seem incredible, just as he would pronounce an act done three centuries ago to be immoral, judging it by our actual standard of morality. He measures the probabilities of a past age by the probabilities of this, just as he would test the lawfulness of an ancient custom by the conscience of the public among which he lives. Unless he correct this natural tendency by an habitual and careful reference to the character of the age of which he writes, as distinct from that in which he is writing—unless he can enter into the spirit and appreciate the ideas of those who are to figure in his history, wholly independently of the spirit and ideas of those who are to read it—he will constantly be led into error by appeals to a wrong and inapplicable standard. He will be apt to decide against the truth of a story told of 1459, because it could not be supposed to happen in 1859. He will be certain to measure the character and intellect of the men of the fifteenth century by the rules of the nineteenth, and will, therefore, constantly express a judgment wholly contrary at once to fairness and to tradition. He will misunderstand the motives, misconstrue the actions, and misrepresent the disposition of the leading personages of each successive generation, by reference, tacit or explicit, to an irrelevant comparison. These blemishes are visible throughout these volumes, from the first page to the last. Mr. Knight seldom attempts to render justice to any character according to the standard of his age, and never succeeds in doing so. In consequence, he finds it necessary to shock at every turn the hero-worship of idols consecrated by tradition. Richard of the Lion's Heart was a cruel and rapacious savage, better than John only in that he was braver. Chivalry was "a miserable imposture of self-glorification," and "blessed were the people who the soonest escaped from its accursed dominion." An author who can write in this way displays little fitness for the task of the historian. Where party spirit has not warped it, tradition generally gives a juster estimate of men and institutions than does a criticism so narrow as this. The admiration of all contemporary and succeeding poets and historians for Cœur-de-Lion, and the universal contempt which has from his own day to this covered the memory of his brother, ought to weigh more with us than a judgment which avowedly rests on the moral law of this day, not on that recognised six or seven centuries ago. And the many virtues and graces which modern society owes to chivalry, ought to have checked Mr. Knight in the hasty and unphilosophical verdict he has passed upon an institution which, if it failed—as Christianity itself failed—to prevent men in a rude age from being cruel and ferocious, did much to soften their vices and control their passions, and laid the foundation for the most polished and perfect civilization that the world has seen.

In the later portion of his history, Mr. Knight takes the popular view of most of the chief events between the Reformation and the accession of the House of Hanover. The Protestants were always the victims, and the Catholics always the persecutors. We are still to hear of "bloody Queen Mary," but

never of "bloody Queen Elizabeth." Cranmer is still a sainted martyr—never false, treacherous, murderous, or cowardly. Gardiner, Bonner, and Pole are still "cruel and crafty"—the old stock epithets, the old preposterous injustice. The agents of Henry VIII. in persecuting Catholics are not to be treated as the agents of Mary in persecuting Protestants. The former are honest men, fallen on evil times—the latter are hypocrites and scoundrels. The execution of Lady Jane Grey for overt treason was an act of unparalleled barbarity—the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, for the good pleasure of good Queen Bess, was a comparatively venial error. Charles I. is a mean and cowardly tyrant; the English Puritans who corresponded with the Scots in open rebellion are patriots; the Royalists who would have used Irish "Papists" against English rebels deserved the fate that Strafford met. Cromwell's Irish policy—a policy of wholesale extirpation and persecution—is almost commended, for it was tyranny to Romanists. James II. is bitterly reviled for his not more infamous spoliation of the Protestants. The manner of Montrose's death was "theatrical," for Montrose was a Royalist. We find no such taunt against Russell or Sidney, for they were Whigs, if not rebels. We do find an apology for the share of the former in the murders of the so-called "Popish Plot," and another for William III.'s part in the massacre of Glencoe. These things are bad enough in a writer whose brilliant style atones for his unscrupulous partisanship; but it is hardly right to reproduce the worst faults of Lord Macaulay without possessing a spark of the genius that covers the multitude of his sins against historical impartiality. Common sense might teach those who profess to give a fair narrative of events to abstain, for very shame, from painting all Whigs *couleur de rose*, and all Tories in the blackest colours their palette affords. Where two great parties have disputed for political supremacy during two hundred years, it is quite clear that one cannot be all in the right, and the other wholly in the wrong. If all Whigs had been such as bitter Tory writers paint them, it would have been impossible for Whiggism to have maintained its ground even for a single generation. If the Tories had been the unscrupulous and ferocious villains that it is becoming the fashion to describe them, we should not find them the heroes of the finest ballads and most touching legends of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. No mode of conceiving history can be more unjust or less philosophical than that of a partisan; and it reflects small credit on the good sense and good feeling of the age that partisan histories have not long ago been scouted out of fashion. But English politicians, in the bitter animosity of party warfare, have not yet learned the generosity of the Homeric Agamemnon, who "warred not with the dead."

The best part of Mr. Knight's history is that which treats of manners and customs in different periods, and displays the course of economical and social progress. This, if not exactly well-written, and if considerably overlaid by quotations, is interesting and acceptable, and forms a valuable supplement to ordinary historical abridgments. The illustrations are also admirably selected and clearly executed, though a little explanation might here and there be well bestowed upon them. But neither this book, nor any other with which we are yet acquainted, supplies the want of a complete, impartial, readable History of England, within such compass as shall render it neither too dear for those who cannot afford a high price, nor too prolix for those who have not time for a protracted study of historical details.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

In consequence of numerous applications from persons desirous of completing their Sets of the "Saturday Review," all the early Numbers have been reprinted; and the Publisher is now able to deliver single copies of each number from the commencement, at 6d. each copy, unstamped. He is also prepared to supply entire volumes as under:—

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ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—LAST WEEK BUT THREE OF HENRY THE FIFTH, which will be withdrawn after Saturday, 9th July, NEVER TO BE REPEATED UNDER THE PRESENT MANAGEMENT.

On MONDAY, and during the week, will be presented Shakespeare's Historical Play of HENRY THE FIFTH, commencing at Seven o'clock. King Henry, Mr. C. KEAN; Chorus, Mrs. C. KEAN. To conclude with a New Farce, in one act, entitled, IF THE CAP FITS.

MR. BENEDICT'S ANNUAL MORNING CONCERTS, at ST. JAMES'S HALL, on MONDAYS, JUNE 13th and JULY 4th, when the following distinguished artists will appear:—Madame Clara Novello, Madame Sherrington Lemmens, and Mlle. Artot, from the Imperial Opera, Paris (her first appearance), Mesdames Guarducci, Sarolta, and Victoire Balle; Signors Mongini, Ludovico Graziani, Radiali, and Marini, from the Royal Italian Opera, Drury-lane (by the kind permission of E. T. Smith, Esq.); Signor Belletti, M. Jules Lefort, M. Jules Stockhausen, Herr Reichardt, and Mr. Santley; Miss Arabella Goddard, Herr Leopold de Meyer, Messrs. Joachim, Wieniawski, Giulio Regondi, M. Louis Engel, Signor Piatti, and M. Pague. The Programmes are now ready.

Sofa Stalls, £1 1s.; Balcony Stalls (Front Row), £1 1s.; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Body of the Hall, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, to admit to both Concerts, £1 11s. 6d.; Front Row, Balcony Stalls, to both Concerts, £1 11s. 6d.; Reserved Seats to both Concerts, 16s. each; at Cramer and Co.'s, Chappell and Co.'s, Leader and Cocks', R. W. Olivier's, Mitchell's Royal Library, St. James's Hall Ticket Office; and of Mr. Benedict, 2, Manchester-square, W.

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HANDEL COMMEMORATION FESTIVAL.—The FULL REHEARSAL of the entire Band and Chorus, with principal Vocalists, will be held at the CRYSTAL PALACE, under the direction of Mr. COSTA, on SATURDAY, the 18th of June, commencing at Eleven o'clock, or as near thereto as may be possible. The portions of each day's selection to be rehearsed (including Solos as well as Choruses) will be taken in the order in which they stand in the books of words—viz. Messiah, and Te Deum and Selection, for the First Part of the Rehearsal, and Israel in Egypt for the Second Part. It is expected that the Second Part of the Rehearsal will commence between Half-past One and Two o'clock. The Doors of the Palace will be opened at Nine o'clock. Frequent Trains will run from London-bridge and Fimlico Stations from Eight o'clock in the morning.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR ADMISSION.

By Two Guinea Season Tickets, Free.
By One Guinea Season Tickets, on payment of Half-a-Crown.
By Day Ticket, Half-a-Guinea; or, if purchased before Thursday, June 16th, Seven Shillings and Sixpence.
The whole of the Area will be open to holders of the preceding tickets. Reserved Seats will be provided in the Galleries only, Half-a-Crown extra.
Tickets are now ready for issue at the Crystal Palace, and at Exeter Hall.
Cheques, or Post-office Orders, at either office, to be made payable (if the latter, at the chief office) to the order of GEORGE GROVES, Esq., Secretary of the Crystal Palace Company.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD'S MATINEE will take place on FRIDAY, June 17th, at ST. JAMES'S HALL, on which occasion she will perform the KREUTZER SONATA, with HERR JOACHIM, for the last time; and BEETHOVEN'S GRAND SONATA IN B FLAT (Op. 106), for Piano Solo.
Stalls, 10s. 6d. each; Balcony, 5s.; Gallery, 2s. 6d. Tickets may be obtained of Miss Goddard, 47, Welbeck-street; and of all Music-sellers.

MUSICAL UNION.—On TUESDAY, JUNE 21st, JOACHIM and Mad. SCHUMANN; on TUESDAY, JUNE 28th, WIENIAWSKI and RUBINSTEIN (the Directors) Grand Matinée; and on TUESDAY, JULY 6th, JOACHIM and RUBINSTEIN (the last performance in England of the latter). There will be no Matinée June 14th. Members who have omitted to pay their Subscriptions are requested to do so forthwith.

J. ELLA, Director,
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CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS, ST. JAMES'S HALL, Piccadilly.—Whitsuntide Holidays.—Continued Success.—First Week of the Burlesque Italian Opera.—Open every Night at Eight. The usual Day Representations every Saturday Afternoon at Three.

Dress Stalls (Numbered and Reserved), 3s.; Unreserved Seats, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Tickets and Places may be secured at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street; and at the Hall (Piccadilly Entrance).

ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITION, 9, CONDUIT STREET, REGENT STREET.—Admission, One Shilling.—WILL CLOSE JUNE 30th.

JAS. EDMISTON, } Hon. Sec.
JAS. FERGUSON, }

WHITSUN HOLIDAYS.—SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM open FREE Every Day from Ten till Six; and on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday Evenings from Seven till Ten.

By Order of the Committee of Council on Education.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—THE FIFTY-FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN at their Gallery, 5, PALL MALL EAST (close to the National Gallery), from Nine till Dusk. Admittance, One Shilling; Catalogue, Sixpence.

JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

VICTORIA CROSS GALLERY, EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly.—Open from Ten till Six; Evening, from Half-past Seven till Ten. A Series of large HISTORICAL PAINTINGS, by L. W. DESANGES, authentically illustrating with Life-Size Portraits the Bravery and Stirring Deeds of those who gained the Victoria Cross of Valour in the Russian and Indian Wars.

EXHIBITION NOW OPEN.—Messrs. DICKINSON, having been entrusted by the Proprietors with the loan of the various PICTURES and PORTRAITS executed in their establishment, beg to announce that for the next month they are on Public Exhibition. Admittance, One Shilling.—114, NEW BOND STREET.

PRIVATE TUITION—SUSSEX.

THE REV. G. C. IRVING, M.A., St. John's College, Cambridge (Eighth Wrangler, 1850), Curate of Newick, receives a FEW PUPILS into his house to prepare for either of the Universities, or for any of the Public Examinations. Terms, £100 per Annum.—Address, Newick, Uckfield.

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A GENTLEMAN who can refer to Families of the highest rank with whom he has lived for many years, is open to an ENGAGEMENT as RESIDENT TUTOR. He would not object to the care of a boy of delicate health or neglected education.—Address B. B., at Mr. SHAW'S, 27, Southampton-row, Russell-square, W.C.

CONSUMPTION HOSPITAL, BROMPTON.—Further HELP is sought to MAINTAIN this Hospital, which is NOW FULL, in entire efficiency. Bankers—Messrs. WILLIAMS, DRAOOR, and Co., 20, Birch-lane. PHILIP ROSE, Hon. Sec.

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40,000 POOR MARRIED WOMEN have, since the foundation of the BRITISH LYING-IN HOSPITAL, been admitted within its walls, and have there received succour and relief in the "great pain and peril of childbirth."

The Funds of this time-honoured Institution are low and inadequate to the maintenance of the Hospital in a state of efficiency. To those wealthy and charitable ladies of this metropolis, and, indeed, to all who take an interest in the welfare of their poorer suffering sisters, the Weekly Board of Governors now APPEAL for AID and ASSISTANCE. Subscriptions will be thankfully received by Messrs. HOARE, Fleet-street; or at the Hospital, Endell-street, Long-acre.

ST. ANDREW'S HOME, GREAT YELDHAM.—In the Autumn of 1856 a Farm-house, in the Parish of Great Yeldham, was partially repaired and opened for charitable purposes—such as recovery from sickness, for servants out of place, &c., and for other benevolent work, as yet only in contemplation—the Housework being chiefly done by a limited number of Girls, who are thus trained for service. The House has great capabilities, and the satisfactory results of the short period in which its useful labours have been carried on, show how much more might be achieved could increased funds be obtained. For this purpose, the Lady Superintendent earnestly solicits the prompt ASSISTANCE of the Benevolent. Circulars will be forwarded, or Money received, on application to the Lady Superintendent, St. Andrew's Home, Great Yeldham, Halstead, Essex.

GEOLOGY AND MINERALOGY.—Elementary Collections, which greatly facilitate the study of these interesting branches of Science, can be had at 2, 5, 10, 20, 50, to 100 Guineas each, of J. TENNANT, Mineralogist to Her Majesty, 146, Strand, London. Also, Geological Maps, Hammers, Books, &c. Mr. TENNANT gives Private Instruction in Mineralogy and Geology.

TITHE REDEMPTION TRUST.—The ANNUAL MEETING of the TITHE REDEMPTION TRUST will be held at the SOCIETY'S ROOMS, No. 1, Adam-street, Adelphi, on THURSDAY, the 23rd instant, at One o'clock. The Right Honourable the Lord JOHN MANNERS, M.P., will take the Chair. There will be Holy Communion and a Sermon preached by the Rev. R. S. BAXTER, Warden of Winchester College, at St. Michael's Church, Burleigh-street, Strand, at Eleven o'clock, on the Morning of the Meeting.

By Order of the Board,

HENRY RADCLIFFE, Secretary.

1, Adam-street, 7th June, 1859.

THE 158TH ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL of the SOCIETY for the PROPAGATION of the GOSPEL in FOREIGN PARTS will be celebrated in ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL on TUESDAY, JUNE 21st. The Sermon will be preached by the Right Hon. LORD AUCKLAND, Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells. Divine Service will commence at Half-past Three o'clock. The Full Choir of the Cathedral will be augmented by the Choirs of Her Majesty's Chapels Royal, Westminster Abbey, &c. &c.

The ANNUAL MEETING in the CITY of LONDON will be held in the EGYPTIAN HALL, MANSION HOUSE, on THURSDAY, JUNE 23rd. The Chair will be taken at Two o'clock by the Right Hon. the LORD MAYOR.

Tickets may be obtained at 78, Pall-mall; and 4, Royal Exchange.

GENTLEMEN who appreciate intelligible and Catholic Christian Doctrine, are invited to DINE at ST. JAMES'S HALL, Regent-street, on MONDAY, the 20th of JUNE next, the eve of the FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY of the SWEDENBORG SOCIETY.

Respondents to this social summons are requested to send their names and addresses, with 4s. 6d., to Mr. WHITE, 38, Bloomsbury-street, New Oxford-street, not later than Monday, the 13th of June, when Tickets for the Dinner will be forwarded to them. The Chair will be taken at Six o'clock.

PROPOSED BANQUET AND TESTIMONIAL TO CHARLES KEAN, F.S.A.

COMMITTEE.

His Grace the Duke of Newcastle.	The Lord Lindsay.
His Grace the Duke of Rutland.	The Lord John Scott.
Most Noble the Marquis of London-derry.	Colonel the Hon. Augustus Liddell.
Right Hon. the Earl of Carlisle.	Colonel the Hon. James Lindsay, M.P.
Right Hon. the Earl of Eglintoun.	Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.
Right Hon. the Earl of Craven.	Right Hon. Spencer Walpole, M.P.
Right Hon. the Earl of Dunraven.	Sir Walter Minto Farquhar, Bart, M.P.
Right Hon. the Earl of Norbury.	Sir John Dunstun, Bart.
Right Hon. the Earl of Sandwich.	Sir F. W. Doyle, Bart.
Right Hon. the Earl of Selkirk.	Colonel Clifford, M.P.
The Viscount Pollington.	Major Blake.
The Viscount Exmouth.	Mr. Serjeant Kinglake, M.P.
The Lord Ernest Bruce, M.P.	Wm. Vansittart, Esq., M.P.
The Lord Chelsea.	Thos. E. Moss, Esq., of Liverpool.
The Lord John Manners, M.P.	Thomas Dunn, Esq., Q.C.
	Walker Skirrow, Jun. Esq.

The above noblemen and gentlemen, educated at Eton, nearly all of them contemporaries with Mr. Charles Kean, have formed themselves into a Committee for the purpose of inviting their old schoolfellow to a banquet, on the occasion of his retiring from the management of the Princess's Theatre, and of presenting him with a Testimonial to mark their sense of his distinguished talent. The Committee, further considering that the right of acknowledging Mr. Kean's services belongs to the nation at large, are anxious that the public should unite with them in testifying their admiration for one who has so long and so successfully laboured to provide for their intellectual enjoyment, and who has done so much towards upholding the dignity and high character of the national stage.

Subscriptions for the Kean Testimonial will be received by the following Bankers: Messrs. Coutts and Co., Strand, London; the Union Bank, Pall-mall; and Messrs. Roberts, Curtis, and Co.

The Public are respectfully informed that the DINNER will take place at ST. JAMES'S HALL, Piccadilly, on WEDNESDAY, the 20th of JULY, at Seven o'clock. The EARL of CARLISLE in the Chair.

Gentlemen wishing to be present on the occasion can obtain Tickets, One Guinea each, at the places undermentioned, where Subscriptions for the Kean Testimonial will also be received:—Sams' Royal Library, 1, St. James's-street; Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street; at Chappell's, 60, New Bond-street; Cramer and Beale's, 201, Regent-street; and Messrs. Keith, Frowse, and Co.'s, Chesapeake.

All Communications for the Kean Testimonial to be addressed to the Hon. Sec., Thomas Henry Taunton, Esq., at Mr. Sams' Royal Library, 1, St. James's-street.

PORTRAIT OF THE LATE DEAN OF ELY.

COMMITTEE.

For purchasing and presenting to the Royal Society the Portrait of the late GEORGE PEACOCK, D.D., F.R.S., painted by Mr. DOUGLAS Y. BLACKSTON.

C. J. SELWYN, Esq., M.P., Q.C., Chairman.

G. B. Airy, Esq., F.R.S., Astron. Royal.	Sir Roderick Murchison, F.R.S.
The Rev. Wm. Vernon Harcourt, F.R.S.	Major-Gen. E. Sabine, Treasurer R.S.
T. E. Hodgkin, Esq., M.P.	The Rev. Prof. Sedgwick, F.R.S.
Sir John Herschel, Bart., F.R.S.	Archibald Smith, Esq., F.R.S.
Dr. H. Bence Jones, F.R.S.	Prof. G. G. Stokes, Sec. R.S.
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A PINT SAMPLE OF BOTH FOR 24 STAMPS.

WINE IN CASE forwarded free to any railway station in England.

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Proposals for Insurances may be made at the Chief Office, as above; at the Branch Office, 16, Pall Mall, London; or to any of the Agents throughout the Kingdom.

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Incorporated by Royal Charter and Act of Parliament, 1809.

New Assurances during the past year	£377,425 0 0
Yielding in New Premiums	12,585 18 8
Profit realized since the last septennial investigation ...	136,629 5 0
Bonus declared of £1 5s. per cent. PER ANNUM on every policy opened prior to December 31st, 1858.	
Fire Premiums received in 1858	£31,345 16 5

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EMPOWERED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT, 3 WM. IV.

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6, NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS, LONDON.

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Mutual Assurance.
 The lowest rates of Premium on the MUTUAL SYSTEM.
 THE WHOLE OF THE PROFITS divided every Fifth Year.
 Assets amounting to

During its existence the Society has paid in Claims, and in reduction of Bonus Liability, nearly	£1,840,000
Reversionary Bonuses have been added to Policies to the extent of	2,000,000
The last Bonus, declared in 1859, which averaged £85 PER CENT. on the Premiums paid, amounted to	1,365,000
Policies in force	475,000
The Annual Income exceeds	7,918
In pursuance of the INVARIABLE practice of this Society, in the event of the Death of the Life Assured within the fifteen days of grace, the Renewal Premium remaining unpaid, the Claim will be admitted, subject to the payment of such Premium.	360,000

Assurances effected prior to 31st December, 1859, will participate in the Division in 1864.

Prospectuses and full particulars may be obtained on application to

ALEXANDER MACDONALD, *Secretary*.

THE DIRECTORS of the STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY request attention to the REPORT of the COMPANY FOR THE YEAR 1858. A Printed Copy can be obtained on application at the Company's Offices in London, Edinburgh, or Dublin, or to any of the Agents in England, Scotland, or Ireland. The following results are stated in the Report:—

The New Assurances effected during 1858 exceed £500,000, and the amount during the last Ten Years exceeds £5,000,000.

The Income of the Company is upwards of £275,000; and the Accumulated Fund exceeds considerably £1,500,000.

The STANDARD was established in 1825, and the profits realized have been divided on five occasions, 1835, 1840, 1845, 1850, and 1855.

The Sixth Division of Profits will take place next year, and there is an advantage in joining the Company before the close of the books in the present year, as the benefit of Two Years' entry to the profit scheme will be secured.

Attention is especially directed to the fact that the Company have lately introduced into their Policies certain Terms and Conditions which make them of increased value as the basis of Marriage Settlements, Family Provisions, and all transactions where it is essential that the contract should be, as far as possible, a complete security against all contingencies.

WILL. THOS. THOMSON, *Manager*.

H. JONES WILLIAMS, *Res. Sec.*

LONDON, 82, KING WILLIAM STREET, CITY.

EDINBURGH, 3, GEORGE STREET. DUBLIN, 60, UPPER SACKVILLE STREET.

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SCOTTISH EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—

THE TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the SOCIETY was held at EDINBURGH on 3rd MAY, 1859.

J. WHITEFOORD MACKENZIE, Esq., W.S., in the Chair.

From the Report by the Directors, which was unanimously approved of, the following particulars are extracted:—

During the year ending 1st March last, 461 Policies had been issued. The Sums thereby Assured amounted to £230,295, and the Annual Premiums thereon to £7275 7s. 1d.

Eighty-four Members of the Society had died during the year, the Sums Assured on their Lives being £24,856, with Bonus Additions of £15,375, amounting together to £40,235. These Claims were fewer in number by 27, and less in amount by £21,000 than the Claims of the previous year.

The following was the position of the Society at 1st March last:—

AMOUNT of EXISTING ASSURANCES	£3,272,367
ACCUMULATED FUND	1,194,667
ANNUAL REVENUE	187,240

The particulars of the Triennial Investigation into the Society's affairs for the Seventh Allocation of Profits were then detailed:—

First.—The GROSS FUNDS, ASSETS, and PROPERTY of the Society amounted at 1st March, 1859, to £2,804,349.

I. FUNDS REALIZED, viz.:

1. Loans on Heritable Securities	£530,712
2. Do. on various other Securities	9,936
3. Do. to Members on the Society's Policies	131,775
4. Do. to Railways on Debentures	355,792
5. Do. to Glasgow Corporation Water Works	30,000
6. Bank of England Stock and Consols	60,756
7. Reversions, Policies, and Government and other Life Annuities purchased	32,859
8. Outstanding sums, chiefly Premiums due on or immediately before 1st March, 1859, but not falling to be remitted till after that date	62,878
9. Balances due by the Society's Bankers	10,050
10. House and Furniture, No. 26, St. Andrew-square, Edinburgh ..	5,250
11. Premises, No. 26, Poultry, London, and Furniture	3,000

SUM AS BEFORE

II. PRESENT VALUE of CONTRIBUTIONS or PREMIUMS of ASSURANCE receivable by the Society, after deducting two and a-half per cent. for expenses of collection

GROSS ASSETS

Second.—The WHOLE OBLIGATIONS of the Society amounted at 1st March, 1851, to £2,603,717, viz.:

I. Various sums outstanding, chiefly Policies which had emerged at 1st March, 1859, but had not been paid at that date

II. Present value of sums contained in, and to become due under, the Society's Policies

TOTAL OBLIGATIONS

Third.—The GROSS ASSETS of the Society thus amounting to £2,804,349 And the TOTAL OBLIGATIONS to

There arises a SURPLUS, as at 1st March, 1859, of

By the law regulating the division of surplus, the Directors have power to allocate, at each investigation, a sum not exceeding two-thirds of the surplus then declared, in vested additions to Policies of not less than five years' standing, and a sum of not less than one-third is appointed to be reserved at each investigation for contingent prospective additions, and for other purposes of the Society.

Two-thirds of the forecast surplus of £200,632 amount to £133,755, and by an allocation of £129,517 of this sum was made a vested addition at 1st March, 1859, at the rate of one and three-quarters per cent. per annum to all Policies then of five years' standing, providing for a Bonus of £248,467 payable at the death of the parties entitled thereto. After providing for this vested addition, there still remained £4,238 between the sum allocated and the two-thirds of the surplus placed by the law at the discretion of the Directors for division.

The Report concludes in the following terms:—

"The Directors cannot doubt but that every Policyholder must be gratified at these results. After a most rigid scrutiny, the Funds and Assets of the Society have been found sufficient, not only to meet all the Liabilities, but to warrant the declaration of large additions to Policies, at the same time fully maintaining the reserve required by the Laws and Constitution of the Society."

"The Directors would remind the Members that it is their interest to make known as widely as possible the advantages afforded by the Society, and they would call on all to co-operate with them and with the Local Agents of the Society in advancing its business and promoting its success."

Copies of the Report of the Annual Meeting are now in the hands of the Society's Agents, and may be had on application.

HEAD OFFICE—26, ST. ANDREW SQUARE.

ROBERT CHRISTIE, *Manager*.

WM. FINLAY, *Secretary*.

LONDON OFFICE—26, POULTRY, E.C.

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JAMES POWELL and SONS, Manufacturers.

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TABLE GLASS. Decanters and other glass ware, wholesale and retail;

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CHURCH WINDOW DEPARTMENT.

POWELL'S QUARRIES and GEOMETRICAL PATTERNS.

RICH PAINTED WORK and other glazing.

CHURCH ORNAMENT and GLASS MOSAICS.

Specimens and works in hand on view.

ATTENDANCE BY APPOINTMENT TO TAKE INSTRUCTIONS.

GREEN FLY on Roses and Greenhouse Plants SAFELY GOT RID OF by syringing with PATENT GISHURST COMPOUND, 2 oz. to the gallon of water.

Extract from *Leading Article in Gardener's Chronicle*, 9th April, 1859.—"That it really kills red spider, aphides, mealy bug, thrips, and scale, it is impossible to doubt in the face of reports of practical men, among whom we may mention Mr. D. Judd, of Abber-gardens." Then follows a caution against the use of a too strong solution.

The Gishurst Compound is sold in boxes at 1s. 6d. and 2s. each, with directions for use, and printed opinions of Mr. Bucker's gardener, Lady Dorothy Nevill's gardener, Sir William Hooker, Mr. Rivers, and other eminent authorities. For Nurserymen, the large size is recommended; but where the consumption is not large, the Compound keeps its strength best in the small.

A large number of Seed Merchants, Nurserymen, &c., both in the Country and in London (for List, see Advertisement in "Gardener's Chronicle" and other Gardening Papers), have taken in their supplies, and are now prepared to sell single boxes.

Nurserymen and Seedsmen supplied by FAIRB'S PATENT CANDLE COMPANY (Limited), Belmont, Vauxhall, London.

THE TEA TRADE.

[ANNUAL CIRCULAR.]

ROYAL BANK BUILDINGS,

Liverpool, May 4th, 1859.

PART of the Importation of this "Season's Black Tea" has been of a finer quality than for several years past;—but, although the market value is higher, we have made such arrangements as will enable us to continue to supply Family Orders (until further notice) without any advance on former prices, viz.—Fine Congou, 3s. 8d.; First-class Congou, *Rich Souchong Flavour*, 4s.; and the Extra Fine, *full Ripe Souchong*, 4s. 4d. At these prices will be found *unusually good Teas*—equal to those of the well-remembered Season of 1852, and more particularly the Cargo imported per Ship "Race Horse," in that year.

For the special convenience of Families, we have an Account open with "The City Bank," London,—"Bank of Ireland," Dublin,—"National Bank of Scotland," Edinburgh and Glasgow,—"the Gloucestershire Banking Company," in Cheltenham.

The extreme care with which "This Branch of our Trade,"—the supplying of Families—has been conducted, and which we commenced in 1840—has exercised a direct influence in the extension of our correspondence among parties of the highest standing, and the nicest perception of taste, throughout the United Kingdom.—Time—the most infallible test in all such cases—has served to show us, that it is our interest to afford THE GREATEST ADVANTAGE IN PRICE—combined with EVERY POSSIBLE SECURITY AS TO QUALITY. We have ever resolutely declined all offers of business at great gains, with corresponding risks of long credit.

The utility of our system of business, viz.—payment in full on receipt and approval of Goods, is well exemplified in the increasing number of our Customers.

ENGLISH FAMILIES, and others residing Abroad, will recognise the advantages which we possess for the execution of Orders for Tea UNDER BOND, *Duty Free*—both as regards size of Packages and SUPERIOR QUALITY, at PRICES WHICH MUST TEND TO SECURE FURTHER TRANSACTIONS.

STOCK IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

STOCK, 31st MARCH, 1859	74,564,000 lbs.
STOCK, 31st MARCH, 1859	68,000,000 lbs.

CARGOES OF TEA Afloat.

8th APRIL, 1859, IN 17 SHIPS	10,579,200 lbs.
8th APRIL, 1859, IN 23 SHIPS	16,024,700 lbs.

Owing to the above small deficiency in the Stock of Tea in Great Britain, speculative demand has caused a temporary advance on Common Tea.

Your obliged and faithful Servants,

ROBT. ROBERTS & COMPY.,

Tea and Coffee Salesmen,

LIVERPOOL.

Other necessary remarks, and the present List of Prices, may be had on application.

WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING? KEEP UP YOUR CHANNEL FLEET, and BUY your TEAS of the EAST INDIA TEA COMPANY, where Sound Tea (Black, Green, or Mixed) can be bought in 5 lb. bags at 2s. 4d. per lb. and Coffee in the Berry at 10d.

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The *Permisto Cloth Paletot* Morning or Frock Coat, in a variety of new Colourings for the present season, at 42s.; *Cotswold Angola Suits* from 60s.; *Guinea Dress or Morning Trousers and Half-Guinea Vests*; the *Guinea Waterproof Wrappers*; *Cerise Suits*, in Black or Oxford Mixed Cloths, at 84s.; *Ladies' Riding Habits* from 60s.; *Juvenile Clothing* equally moderate in price. A Large Assortment of *Wrappers* and every description of Dress ready for immediate use at W. CLARK'S, Naval and Military Tailor and Outfitter, 132, REGENT STREET, W., corner of Leicester-street.

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